

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,045

DECEMBER 7, 1889

THE  
**GRAPHIC.**  
AN  
ILLUSTRATED  
WEEKLY  
NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GRAPHIC

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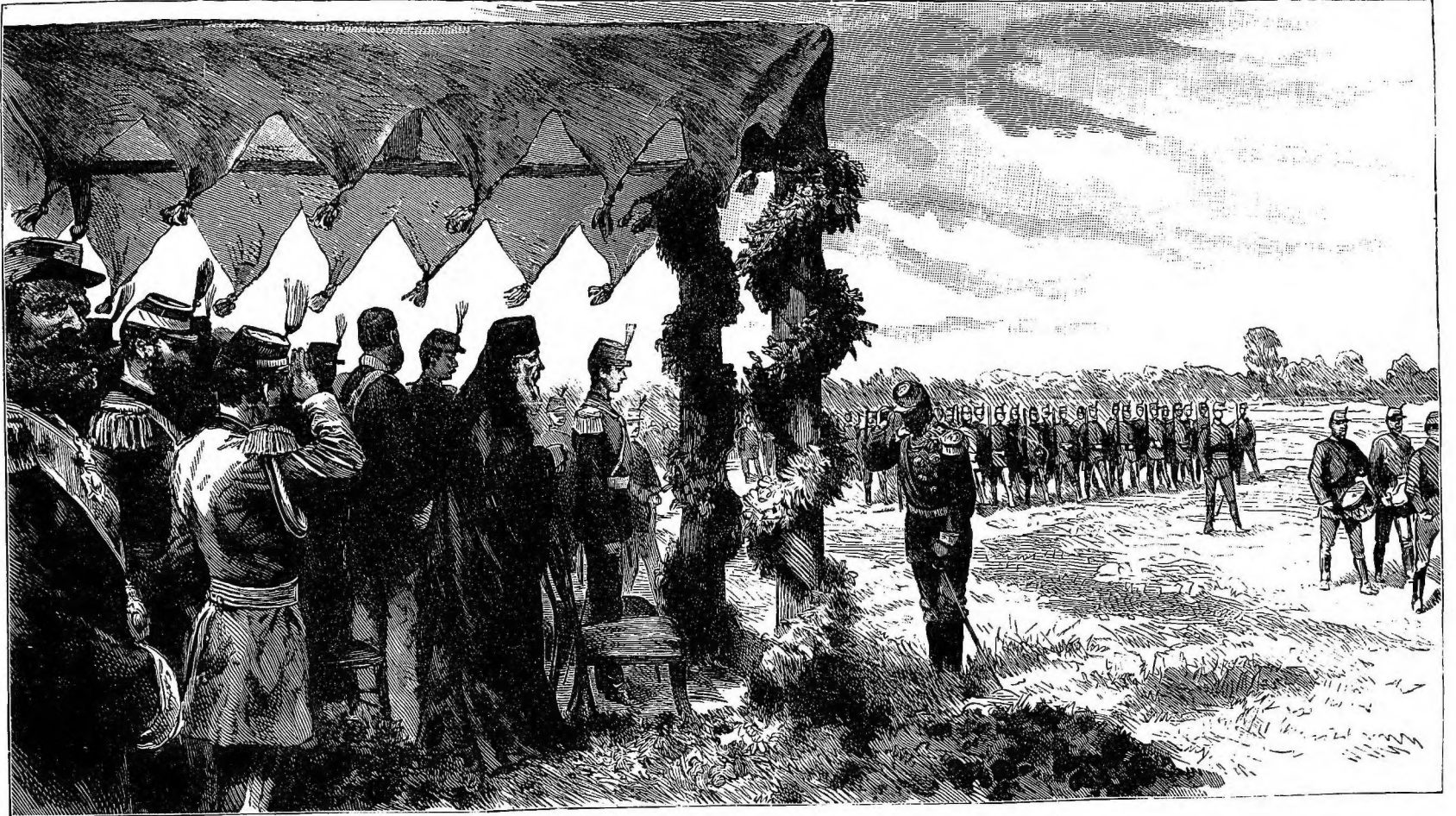
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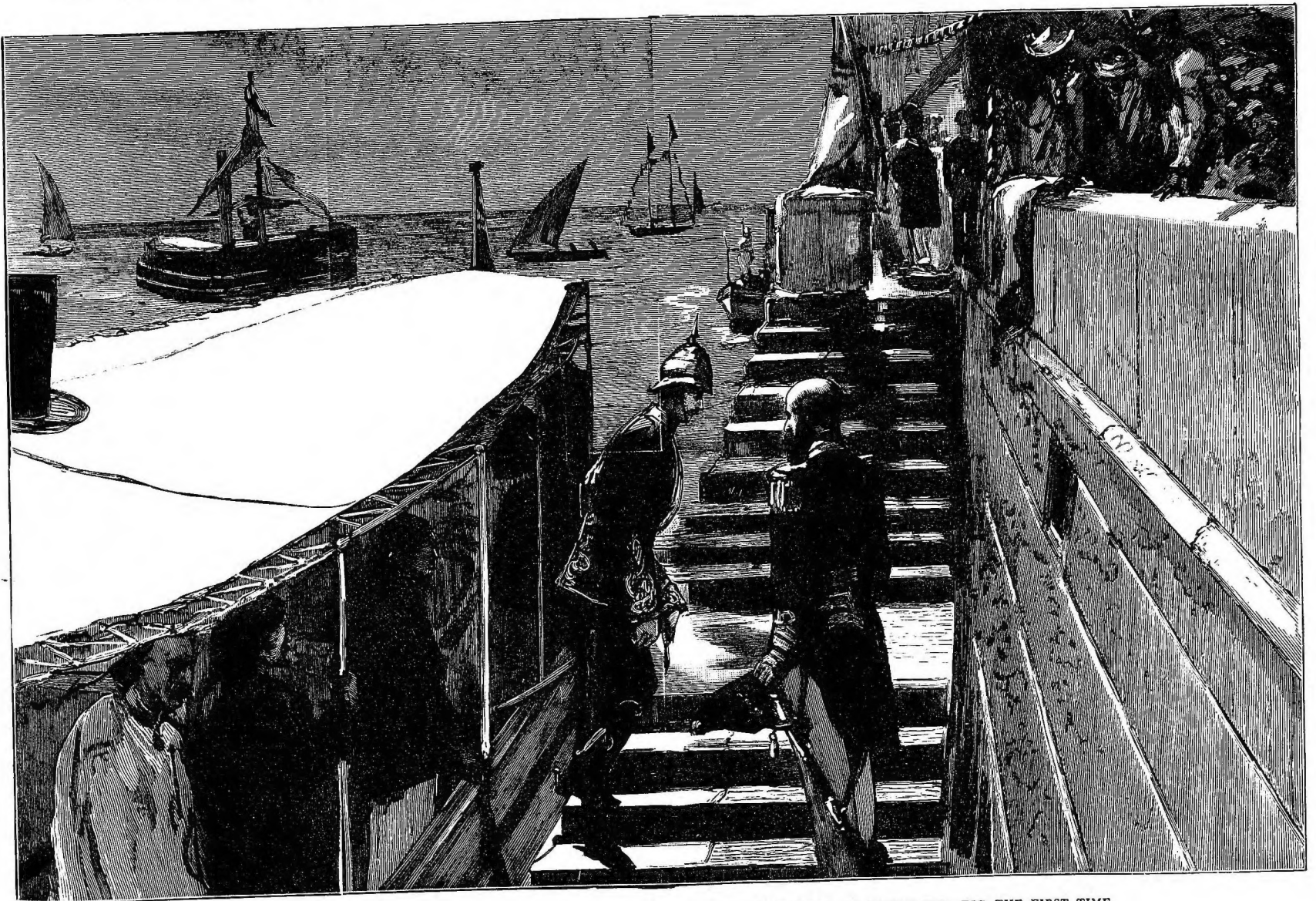


General Bogitchevitch

Regent Protics

Alexander I.

THE REVIEW OF THE TROOPS BEFORE KING ALEXANDER I. AT ZAITCHA, SERVIA—THE MARCH PAST OF THE INFANTRY



LANDING AT THE APOLLO BUNDER, BOMBAY—PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR SETTING FOOT ON INDIAN SOIL FOR THE FIRST TIME

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA



## Topics of the Week

**MR. GLADSTONE TALKS.**—To persons unaccustomed to public speaking it may seem a wonderful feat for a man verging on fourscore to pour forth such a flood of words as Mr. Gladstone emitted during two successive days at Manchester. But to him probably this display causes no more effort (provided he can keep his voice in working order) than does a gentle "constitutional" to any healthy man of his own age. When, however, we attempt to appraise the substantive value of all this oratory, we must not be too critical. The English people are wonderfully lenient in their judgment of old public favourites. When, for instance, a veteran public singer betrays the infirmities of advancing years by his (or her) quavering notes, the kind-hearted audience applaud vigorously, remembering the voice that was, and graciously ignoring the voice that is. But it is scarcely possible fully to take this charitable view regarding Mr. Gladstone's recent efforts, because amid his evident decrepitude there is manifested so much malice. On Tuesday, for instance, he emptied the vials of his wrath on the heads of the Liberal Unionists, accusing them of hindering all legislation of a genuinely Liberal character, whereas everybody (including Mr. Gladstone himself) is perfectly well aware that the presence of the Liberal Unionists in the Tory Camp has spurred the Cabinet on to attempt various reforming measures which it would otherwise have gladly left in abeyance. As for the eternal Irish Question, Mr. Gladstone's references to it, beside being poor and unsatisfying, were grossly unfair. He now charges the Conservatives with all the alleged wrongs which Ireland has endured since the Act of Union was passed, quietly ignoring the fact that for some fifty years of that time one William Ewart Gladstone was in power either as a Member of Parliament or as a Cabinet Minister, and that he never raised his voice in what Daniel O'Connell or Mr. Parnell would describe as the accents of a true Irish patriot until three years ago, when his sudden change of front looked uncommonly like a desperate effort to regain office at the cost of apostatising from all his previous beliefs respecting Irish policy.

**MR. BALFOUR'S FALSE START.**—Mr. Balfour is to be congratulated on the way in which he has withdrawn from the position he rashly adopted with regard to Roman Catholic University education in Ireland. He claims that he had no other purpose than to secure for Irish Roman Catholics the kind of University training they professed to desire; but it is not uncharitable to suppose that he was rather pleased by the idea that in trying to attain this object he might be able to create dissension between the Gladstonian and the Parnellite Home Rulers. As we, however, with others, warned him at the time, he was playing with a double-edged weapon; and this he speedily discovered for himself. It soon became manifest that if he attempted to give effect to his proposal he would cause at least as much discord among the Unionists as among the Home Rule party. In these circumstances the wisest course for him to take was to acknowledge frankly that—as Mr. Courtney has put it—he had made a false start; and in his speech at Partick the other day, with his usual courage and honesty, he admitted that it would be impossible for him to advance further towards the goal he had hoped to reach. His personal convictions on the subject are unchanged. He still thinks that what he calls the most generous policy would be the best policy. But he holds that the problem of Irish University education can be dealt with only if three conditions are complied with. Any proposal that may hereafter be made must be cordially accepted by Irish Roman Catholics as a settlement of the question; it must not be used by any party in Parliament as a means of inflicting a political blow upon its opponents; and Englishmen, Scotchmen, and Irishmen must agree generally in demanding that the proposal shall become law. It is not to-morrow or the day after that these conditions will be fulfilled, and we may safely assert that, as long as they are insisted upon, we shall hear very little about the subject of an Irish Roman Catholic University.

**THE SOCIALISTIC MILLENNIUM.**—It would appear that the Socialist leaders' heads must be slightly turned by their late brilliant successes against capital. Mr. Champion does not usually indulge in dreams; there is a hard practicality in the counsel his paper offers to working-men, which has little flavour of the visionary. Nor does he seem to be one of the Theodore Hook species, with an irresistible longing for practical jokes. We must attribute, therefore, his amusing letter on labour politics to a state of temporary exaltation consequent upon so many, and such great, victories. He pictures to himself—and coolly asks Mr. Gladstone to help him to realise the Utopian conception—a state of society in which superabundance of labour would be prevented by the simple process of dividing and subdividing employment. He and his colleagues abjure emigration as a device of the enemy; they also disclaim charity. What they demand is that the State should by

legislative enactment forbid labour for more than a specified number of hours per diem. Mr. Champion does not pretend, as some have done, that the same amount of work would be done in the shorter time as is now done in the longer. Were that the case, the unemployed would derive no benefit at all. It is to secure constant employment for them that he advocates the eight hours limitation. And so it might do for a time, provided that the working-classes were willing to accept a proportionate reduction of wages. On that head, Mr. Champion is discreetly silent, but certain passages in his manifesto seem to show that, when his millennium arrives, the British workman will have more money to spend than he has at present. Even assuming, however, that lower wages were accepted, we should be no nearer finality than we are now. With emigration at a standstill, the population would increase faster than ever, throwing more and more labour into the market, and thus necessitating successive contractions of the hours of toil to provide work for the unemployed. And so, at last, the working-man would have next to nothing to do, and next to nothing to receive at the week's end.

**PRESIDENT HARRISON'S MESSAGE.**—As befits a peaceful and prosperous State, this Message, judging by the summary, contains nothing of surprising interest. As Mr. Harrison observes that Canada has administered the fisheries during the past season without friction, it is to be hoped that the troubles of the seal-catchers in Alaskan waters will be settled in such a manner that while the monopoly enjoyed by the A'ska Company is safe-guarded within its proper boundaries, it will not be extended to waters which are beyond its jurisdiction. It is not likely that the monarchies of Europe will be in too great a hurry to acknowledge the newly-hatched United States of Brazil when the oldest and incomparably the most powerful Republic on the American Continent prudently means to wait until the majority of the Brazilian people signify their adhesion to the new order of things. Decidedly the most interesting, and at the same time to Europeans the most tantalising, item in President Harrison's State Paper is the Surplus, that terrible nightmare which sits on the bosom of American statesmen. How envious it makes us poor over-burdened inhabitants of the Old World feel! Each of us is ready to exclaim, like the cabman contemplating the drunk and incapable gentleman on the pavement, "I only wish I'd 'arf his complaint!" The American "complaint," that is to say, the excess of revenue over expenditure, amounted last year to 57,000,000 dollars, and this year to 44,000,000. The puzzle is what to do with the Surplus. Pensions are granted most liberally, and although it is proposed to increase the navy, improve the coast defences, and subsidise ocean mail steamers, still this blessed Surplus goes on accumulating. Of course there is a very simple way out of the difficulty. Recast the Customs Tariff on Free Trade principles. But as Mr. Harrison was elected on the Protectionist ticket, there is no chance of such a change, and therefore, during the present administration, Americans must travel along with this enviable burden on their backs.

**FRENCH PEASANTS AND FRENCH POLITICS.**—It used to be thought in Paris that the political opinions of the French peasantry might be safely neglected. It was assumed that any important proposal which commended itself to the judgment of the Parisians would commend itself to that of the peasants also. This assumption was rather rudely shaken by the results of the last General Election. Paris was unmistakably favourable to the claims of General Boulanger, but the peasantry as a class declined to have anything to do with him. They were not particularly enthusiastic about the Republic, but, upon the whole, it seemed to them better than a Dictatorship, and so they sent to the new Chamber a majority strong enough to maintain existing institutions. The consequence is that the various parties are beginning to compete eagerly with one another for peasant support. Thanks to the labours of M. Kergall, an enthusiastic young Breton, an Agricultural League has been formed for the purpose of impressing upon deputies the necessity for a practical, moderate, and progressive policy; and now both the Right and the Left are organising "Agricultural Groups," whose business will be to take care that peasant voters are not wantonly offended. The movement is one of genuine importance, and the best French statesmen will do what they can to strengthen it, for the influence of the peasantry, if persistently exerted, would certainly tend to give vigour and steadiness to Republican policy. The peasantry have shown that extreme measures are repugnant to them, and that what they want is a political system around which all men of good sense might be willing to rally. They have the power, if they choose, to give effect to their wishes, and the fact that they are awakening to a sense of their responsibilities is one of the most promising signs of the times in France.

**VOLUNTEER COMMISSIONS.**—It is getting to be a serious matter that so many commissions in the Volunteers should go a begging. Owing to the limited amount of training they have time for, our citizen soldiers have more need of officers than the Regulars. When the force was first established, and for a good many years afterwards, candidates for commissions were never lacking. But a change has gradually come

over the whole body. While its military prestige has steadily increased, its social prestige has concurrently diminished, and whereas young gentlemen of means used to be quite common in the ranks, now only a very few care to accept commissions. That being the unpleasant fact with which we have to deal, the first thing to be done is to accept it as the basis for new methods and new arrangements. There are plenty of men in the ranks who would make excellent officers—full of zeal, smart drills, fully qualified in every respect. But they would not accept commissions if they had the offer, on account of the additional expense involved. Do away with that drawback, and numbers will come forward readily enough. Unfortunately, among not a few commanding officers there is a disposition to regard the commissioned grades as a separate caste, and to keep them so. Consequently, instead of endeavouring to minimise the expense incidental to an officer's position, they maintain the old tradition that any one aspiring to fill it must be willing to be placed under constant contribution. There is no occasion whatever why the expenditure of a Volunteer officer should be larger, apart from the higher cost of his uniform, than that of the sergeant or private. It is merely custom that appoints him a sort of paymaster-general, and until that idea is banished, very few eligible men will care for promotion to commissions. In such a thoroughly democratic force as the Volunteers, superior efficiency should be the sole qualification for the position of an officer. It is not so at present, by any means, but very much the contrary.

**TYPHOID AND OTHER ZYMOTIC DISEASES.**—Just now, when influenza prevails as extensively in St. Petersburg as it did in London in 1847, one would like to feel sure that our modern sanitary appliances are always as conducive to health as they are presumed to be. In some respects there have been great improvements during the last fifty years. There is less over-crowding, less downright personal filth, and, above all—at all events in large towns—a more abundant and purer supply of water. A signal proof of this is that typhus, a typical disease of dirt and poverty, which was once common enough, is now rare. Weeks often elapse without one death being caused by it in London. But, on the other hand, typhoid, which used to be confused with typhus, but is now more correctly re-named enteric fever, has become much more prevalent of recent years; and it is a curious fact that it avoids the stuffy and crowded abodes of squalor and want, preferring to seek its victims among the comfortable classes. Of course, this immunity of the poor may be due to the fact that they are already, on the Pasteur principle, so saturated with the typhoidal poison that they are unsusceptible to a degree of infection which would kill a new-comer. In cases of typhoidal disease, the drainage is generally blamed, as at Dublin Barracks, but we do not remember that any definite defects were discovered there. Recently it seems that many members of the London Stock Exchange have suffered from this malady, and the City Medical Officer of Health attributes the mischief to the noxious exhalations arising from the sewer ventilating shafts. There may be something in this theory. It is plain that the more perfect the network of underground drainpipes is in any city, the more scope there is for any infective matter deposited in these receptacles to spread its poison over the whole sewage-area. Cairo, we observe, is about to provide itself with 240 miles of sewers, at the cost of half-a-million sterling. We are by no means sure that in that hot, dry climate the system of daily removal of human and other refuse by carts (as practised in Florence) would not be both cheaper and healthier.

**DINNERS FOR CHILDREN AT BOARD SCHOOLS.**—A week or two ago we called attention to the fact that an influential meeting had been held for the purpose of organising the various agencies which seek to provide food for starving children at the London Board Schools. We are glad to say that the Committee appointed by the meeting has lost no time in taking steps for the accomplishment of its task. The London Self-Schools Dinner Association has been formed; and the Self-Supporting Penny Dinners Council, the South London School's Dinner Fund, the Poor Children's Aid Society, and other agencies of a like kind, have already agreed to allow their work to be merged in that of the new Society. Other organisations, while preferring for the present to maintain a separate existence, have undertaken to work in harmony with the central Association. Much, therefore, has been done, and we have no doubt that all the Societies engaged in this excellent enterprise will soon be labouring together under a proper system of control. What is now wanted is that charitable persons shall adequately support the Association in its efforts. An appeal has been addressed to the public by the Committee, and it ought to meet with a prompt and liberal response. It has been proved that every day and liberal response. It has been proved that every day many thousands of children who go to London Board Schools suffer the pangs of hunger. How can we expect that these poor young creatures will profit by the exertions of their teachers? It is cruel to ask them to do work for which they are physically unfit, and which, if they are compelled to do it, must in a large number of cases lay the seeds of disease. If they are to be educated, they must be fed; and the best way to feed them is to place the necessary means at the disposal of an Association composed of men and women who thoroughly understand the need with which they propose



to deal. Any one who gives money for this object may feel assured that it will be wisely expended, and we trust that very many of our readers will at once communicate with the Secretary, at the offices of the London School Board, Victoria Embankment, W.C.

**RUSSIAN PETROLEUM.**—There never was a fairer game of tit-for-tat than when Russia, after having a large portion of her wheat-trade filched from her by the United States, hit the American oil-trade hard by opening the wonderful petroleum district near Baku. Between the two, the price of the article has been forced down so low that only moderate profits are now reaped, where huge fortunes used to be piled up. In the meantime, both are exhausting their supplies, and should the demand continue to grow, a moderate number of years may suffice to see the end of their "ile." The *Times* correspondent who is now *en route* to Persia gives some facts pointing to the conclusion that the Baku region is not so prolific as it was two or three years ago. It appears that the supplies near the surface are already used up, thus necessitating very deep borings, with a consequent increase of expense. In some cases the pumping-wells have to be carried down more than 1,000 feet, but the average depth is between 500 and 600 feet. Yet the firms engaged in the industry appear to be confident of being able to carry it on at a profit for a considerable time; and even should the area now being worked run dry, there are, it is believed, equally prolific districts kept in reserve by the Russian Government. In any case, England can comfort herself with the recollection that in some parts of her Empire petroleum exists in incalculable quantities. It has been found on the North-West frontier of India, in Burmah, and in Australia. But Mr. Marvin, who lately issued an instructive pamphlet on the subject, regards New Zealand as the destined oil-reservoir of the British Empire. Curious it is that John Bull should be so indifferent to these potentialities of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. While the United States and Russia are pumping up petroleum as if their very existence depended upon making instant use of the oil, England remains supine, and spends her spare millions on gold-mining. Perhaps it may be just as well for her to remain passive: should the Russian and American fields dry up, she will get a much better price for any oil she may have in store.

**STATISTICS OF THE DOCK STRIKE.**—In the annals of labour contests this movement will ever be memorable as the parent of all the subsequent disputes between employers and employed which have since engrossed so much public attention. How far the agitation has really benefited the "casual docker," on whose behalf the crusade was ostensibly begun, can perhaps scarcely be decided at present. Our impression is that the tendency of the concession made by the dock companies, wharfingers, and others has been to benefit the permanent labourers at the expense of the casuals. Of course, in such a business as discharging cargoes, where a period of quiet is followed by a sudden rush of work, chance labourers will be needed at times, but employers will not trust so much as formerly to such candidates for a job. If our surmise should prove correct, this comparative cessation of casual dock-work may not prove a bad thing in the long run, though it may press severely during the present winter on a good many poor fellows. The balance-sheet of the moneys received and expended by the Strike Council seems fairly satisfactory, but we should like to have been told how the 12,000*l.* which the Finance Committee had in hand after settling all disbursements dwindled down to 3,500*l.*, which latter sum has been handed over to the Dockers' Union. As regards the sources from which the funds—in all about 48,000*l.*—were derived, the figures are suggestive. The general public contributed about 13,000*l.*; the Trades' Unions and Societies about 4,500*l.*; foreign countries sent 108*l.*, of which the United States of America contributed the munificent sum of 29*l.* 0*s.* 4*d.*, while Australia (which really chiefly means Victoria) sent no less than 30,000*l.*! In fact, but for this liberal subsidy from one corner of the Antipodes, it is probable that the Dockers' demonstration would have collapsed.

**GREEK TROUBLES.**—M. Tricoupis seems to be bent on driving his country along the road that leads to financial ruin. The commercial classes are already greatly over-taxed, and now he proposes to add to their burdens by a heavy increase of the duties on imports generally. Modern Greece has never been to any considerable extent a manufacturing country; the energies of her population are devoted chiefly to agriculture. Consequently she has to import largely commodities which are regarded as necessities of life, and, if the prices of these commodities are artificially raised, the change will produce much real hardship. Industry and trade, too, will be discouraged, and capital will seek for itself outlets in countries where its operations will be less seriously hampered. If the proposals of M. Tricoupis were essential to the welfare of the nation, the Greeks would, of course, have no alternative but to let him have his way. But there is no necessity for these new import duties. The only object of M. Tricoupis in proposing them is to secure that Greece shall have a comparatively powerful army and navy. These are luxuries which the country can very well do without. The time may perhaps come when it will be

expedient for Europe to allow Crete to be annexed to the Hellenic Kingdom, but that time has not come yet; and even when it does come, we may doubt whether the Greek Army and Navy will play a very prominent part in the settlement of the question. The task to which Greek statesmen ought chiefly to devote themselves is the development of the industrial and commercial resources of their country, and the first step that should be taken in that direction is the passing of a law providing for the diminution of naval and military expenditure. Tax-payers might thus obtain some immediate relief, and a fresh impetus would be given to trade. Politically, the Greeks would lose nothing by this policy, for they will most readily obtain new territory by convincing the Powers that they know how to use wisely that which they already possess.

**PROTECTION OF FUR SEALS.**—Professor Flower sounds a note of alarm which will flutter many a gentlewoman. He foresees the time when, whether the Behring Sea question be settled one way or another, sea-skin will become a thing of the past. It is the old, old tale of human greed killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. Even as elephants are becoming scarce in Africa, and would have been extinguished in India before this but for State interference, so the fur-seal has vanished from numbers of places where it used to be abundant. A sad story, truly, and not reflecting much credit on those "hunters of the sea" who have brought it to pass. Yet, after all, they are not so much to blame as the several Governments for not long ago taking joint protective action. The captain of a sealer naturally argues that if he spares any of the animals that come in his way, the next ship will be sure to pick them up. Since, therefore, his one object is to secure the best cargo, he slays all he can, probably comforting himself with the reflection that by the time the last seal is shot his sealing days will be over. Would it not be possible to re-establish fur-seal colonies—or "rookeries," as they are technically called—at the places which have been so remorselessly devastated? When ostrich feathers became scarce by reason of the wholesale destruction of the wild birds, the Cape people hit upon the happy idea of starting ostrich farms. Of course, there is a vast difference in the case of a creature that lives in the sea. It would seem possible, nevertheless, that if some unfrequented littoral in a congenial climate—say that of the Falkland Islands—were colonised and strictly preserved, some good might result. As Professor Flower shows, the case of the still-flourishing "rookeries" on the Prybilof Islands in Behring Sea proves that seals, like cattle and sheep, can be made commercially profitable by a moderate amount of protection. They must have freedom to roam in quest of food, and a safe breeding place. Granted these two boons, and the fur-seal does not much mind having his family thinned out from time to time for the benefit of humanity.

OUR

CHRISTMAS NUMBER,

as far as the Publishing Office is concerned, is

OUT OF PRINT,

but a few copies are still obtainable at the various

Booksellers and Railway Bookstalls.

In "NOËL," the French edition of Our Christmas Number, the names of both Mr. D. Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Herman have been accidentally omitted as joint authors of "Le Serment," the translation of "A Singular Sense of Duty." Mr. Herman's name was also inadvertently omitted from the advertisement of the Christmas Number in our last and previous issues

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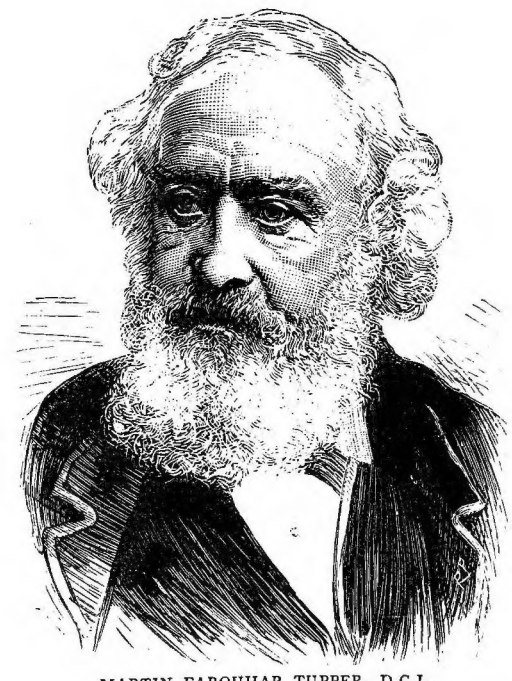




T. A. WALKER  
Engineer of the Manchester Ship Canal  
Died November 25, 1889



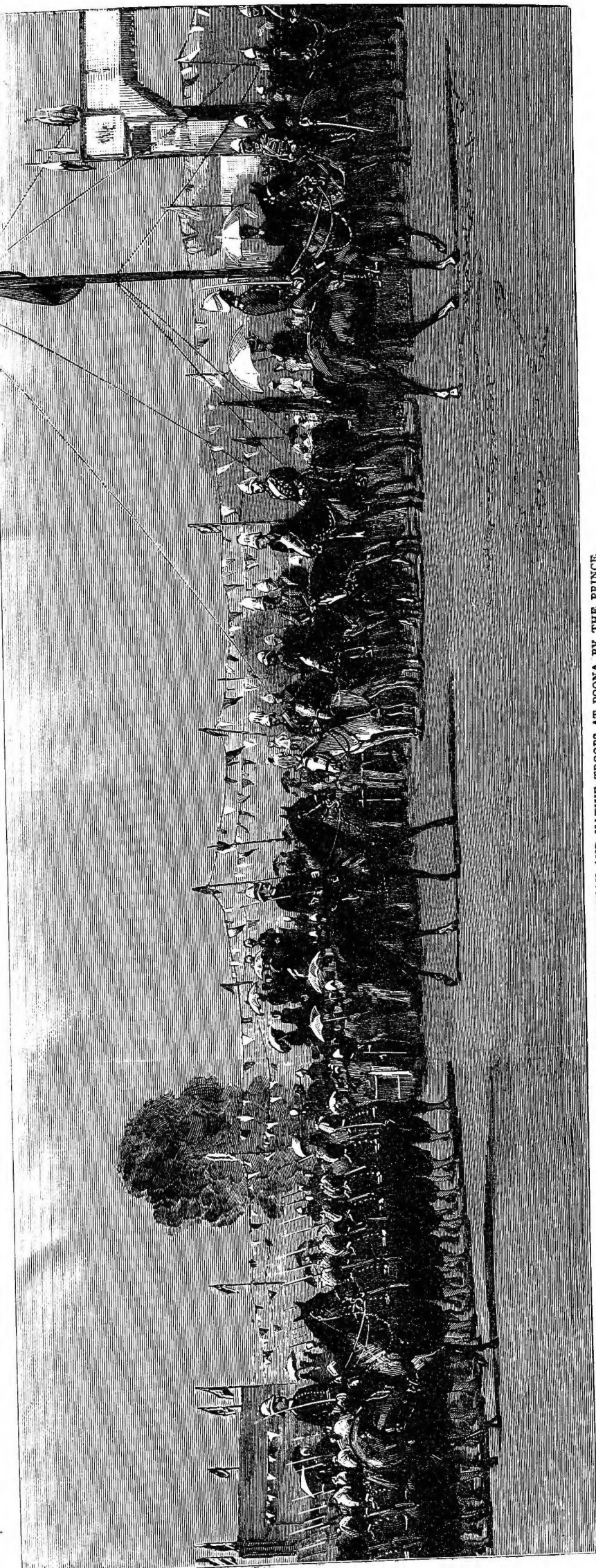
WILLIAM ALLINGHAM  
Poet,  
Born March 19, 1824. Died November 18, 1889  
From a Water Colour Drawing by Mrs. Allingham



MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, D.C.L.  
Philosopher and Author,  
Born in 1810. Died November 29, 1889







THE REVIEW OF EUROPEAN AND NATIVE TROOPS AT POONA BY THE PRINCE



THE PRINCE AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT EN ROUTE FROM THE BUNDER TO THE SECRETARIAT, BOMBAY

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA





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## KING ALEXANDER REVIEWING THE SERBIAN TROOPS

**THURSDAY, July 2nd**, was a busy day for the little King of Serbia, for on that day he was duly anointed by the Metropolitan Michael. The ceremony, which began at nine o'clock in the morning, took place in the half-ruined church of Zaitcha, near Kraljevo, which is chiefly remarkable for some fine mediaeval frescoes which the Turks have done their best to spoil by scratching out the eyes of the kings and saints portrayed. After an address from the Metropolitan, and the infamous chanting of a Litany by a poorly-trained choir, the King recited a *Credo*, and then bared his chest. The Metropolitan anointed him with holy oil from Jerusalem on breast, hands, and forehead, and proclaimed him, amid the thunder of cannon, King of Serbia. The service and congratulations over, a pleasanter task awaited the young King, who, like most boys, is fond of soldiers. In a meadow outside the church were several companies of troops. The King, surrounded by the Regents, military officers, and other important visitors, not least of whom was the Czar's envoy, M. Persiani, took his stand in a small kiosque which had been erected in the meadow, and which served as a saluting point. The troops, who are a fairly fine body of men, although, owing to inferior leadership, they cut up so badly against the Bulgarians in 1885, then marched past; and then, with a banquet at which 800 guests attended, the proceedings of this toilet-day came to an end.—Our engraving is from a photograph kindly sent us by Mr. A. Hulme Beaman, Hôtel Baimel, Belgrade.

## PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR IN INDIA

THE Prince left London on board the P. and O. steamer *Oceana* (Captain Tomlin), at 2 P.M. on October 19th, and reached Bombay at 8 A.M. on November 9th (his father's birthday). Captain Tomlin had expected to meet some heavy currents after leaving Aden, and therefore telegraphed to say he should probably not arrive before 2 P.M. But the currents did not make their appearance, and therefore, as above-mentioned, the *Oceana* got in six hours before the appointed time. This excess of punctuality proved to be unfortunate, for the Prince landed as soon as possible, and the result was that he met with a very meagre reception. Out of seventy-two members of the Corporation only four or five were present, besides two Consuls, some ladies, some city officials, and a few hundreds of people. There was, however, an imposing array of empty benches and glaring yellow chairs. The fact is, that the whole affair was hopelessly bungled, not by the Bombayese, who had made most elaborate preparations, but by the Prince's *entourage*, who allowed him to go ashore before the expected time. Surely it would have been no hardship for a vigorous young fellow like the Prince to stay on board a few hours longer rather than disappoint thousands of people of every caste and creed who were anxious to do honour to England's future King and India's Emperor in embryo. As it was, nine-tenths of these worthy folks did not arrive until the Prince had left, and merely saw the train which carried him off to Kirkee. And it should be remembered that the Hindoos attach an almost superstitious importance to the arrival of a Royal personage. An amusing instance of this occurred when the Prince landed from the steam-launch *Bee* at the Apollo Bunder. A group of Hindoos prayed devoutly that as he landed he might first place his right foot on the step, as then peace and plenty would prevail wherever he went. Fortunately the Prince put forward the desired right foot, and was thereupon lustily cheered by the Hindoos. The young Prince was welcomed on board by his uncle, the Duke of Connaught, and Lord Reay, the Governor, and, after he had replied to the municipal address of welcome, which was presented to him on landing, proceeded to the Secretariat. The Prince, who wore the uniform of a Major of the 10th Hussars, drove in a carriage-and-four, being escorted by a detachment of the Bombay Light Horse, and by four of the Governor's Bodyguard. On the route he was enthusiastically cheered by dense crowds of people of all colours and castes, who had assembled on the footpath, as well as by numbers of European ladies and gentlemen, who surveyed the spectacle from the windows of various establishments. The whole length of road was decorated with light green Venetian masts, surmounted by spear-heads and bannerets of various colours and descriptions. The bronze equestrian statue of the Prince of Wales was profusely decorated with flowers. On arriving at the Secretariat, the Prince, in company with the Duke of Connaught, inspected the guard of honour of 100 rank and file, with colours furnished by the Marine Battalion. Later he drove to the Victoria Terminus, and went by special train to Poona. There he "assisted" at a grand military parade, a State Ball, and a torchlight tattoo. The military parade took place on November 12th, at 8 A.M., and long before that hour the ground was densely crowded, a space being roped off for privileged spectators. No fewer than 6,616 troops, both European and Native, took part in the function, and as the sun shone on the various coloured uniforms, the spectacle was one of dazzling brilliancy. The men all acquitted themselves splendidly, the brilliant appearance of the Cavalry Brigade provoking especial enthusiasm. From Poona the Prince went to Hyderabad, Madras, and Seringapatam. Of his doings in these places we shall treat hereafter.—Our engravings are from photographs by Bourne and Shepherd, of India; and Lala Deen Dayall, of Secunderabad, Deccan.

## MR. T. A. WALKER

MANY vast projects are affected by the death on the 25th ult., at Mount Ballan, near Chepstow, of this well-known contractor. At the time of his death he had in hand the works of the Manchester Ship Canal, on which two millions sterling have already been expended, and the Harbour Work at Buenos Ayres, undertaken for the Argentine Government, and scarcely less important. Among other works constructed by Mr. Walker are the Severn Tunnel, in which enormous and unexpected difficulties were successfully met and surmounted, the Inner Circle Railway through London, the Barry Docks and Railways in South Wales, and the Prince of Wales' Docks at Cardiff. In fact, Mr. Walker had succeeded to the position held by the late Mr. Brassey, and might be described as the Napoleon of contractors. He leaves a widow and four daughters, and it is satisfactory to know that two of his sons-in-law will carry on the works at Buenos Ayres and Manchester.—Our portrait is from a photograph by A. Beattie, 51, Fishergate, Preston.

## MR. WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM was born at Ballyshannon, County Donegal, March 10th, 1824. He died at Eldon House, Lyndhurst Road, Hampstead, November 18th, 1889. His father was a bank-manager at Ballyshannon, and was of English descent.

William Allingham was for many years in the Customs at Ballyshannon, in London, and elsewhere. About 1872 he finally quitted the Customs, and was for some years editor of *Fraser's Magazine*, in which had appeared his "Laurence Bloomfield," an

able narrative poem, which offered a solution of the problem between the rich and poor in Ireland. In 1874 he married Miss Helen Paterson, the well-known artist, many of whose drawings have appeared in *The Graphic*. In 1881 he removed with his wife and children to Witley, Surrey, and resided there until last year. He began his literary career by contributing to the *London Journal*, *Athenaeum*, and other literary periodicals. Already, in 1852, he was on terms of friendship with such men as Leigh Hunt, Tennyson, Carlyle, and Thackeray; but his most intimate friend was Dante G. Rossetti, whose friendship made Allingham a welcome guest in the gatherings of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. It was in those early days that Rossetti, Millais, and Arthur Hughes illustrated his poems, and that he had these drawings cut on wood and printed. It is with these copies, so long and carefully preserved, that the dainty edition of his poetical works, on which he was occupied until within the last few weeks, is to be illustrated, and they should greatly enhance its value to collectors. Of this edition, in six volumes, Messrs. Reeves and Turner have already issued "Flower Pieces;" and "Life and Phantasy." The remaining four volumes—"Irish Songs and Poems," "Laurence Bloomfield," "Thought and Word," with *Ashley Manor* (a play), and "Blackberries"—will be issued by them in the spring. A great part of the poems in this edition are new, and those previously published have been revised.

It is a matter of regret to many of his friends that he has not included in his works his prose, for much of it (e.g., "Modern Prophets" and "A Chapter of Irish History") is not inferior to his poetry. He had read omnivorously, and had known personally the greatest literary men of his day.

## MR. TUPPER

MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, who died on the 29th ult., at his residence, Underhill, Norwood, was the son of a distinguished medical man. Born in July, 1810, he was educated at Charterhouse, and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he once beat Mr. Gladstone in a theological prize-essay competition. An impediment in his speech prevented him from going into the Church, as he had intended, but did not hinder him from proceeding to the Bar; where, however, his practice was confined to drawing a will and a marriage settlement. He had already published two volumes of verse, when, in 1839, the first instalment of "Proverbial Philosophy"—a collection of brief apophthegms, something between poetry and prose, originally written for the benefit of the cousin whom he afterwards married—was given to the world. In spite of sneering reviews, the success of the book was enormous. The mild mixture of worldly wisdom and poetic language appealed to thousands of people. Edition after edition was called for, and a second, a third, and a fourth series were published, and taken up with equal avidity. Dr. Tupper gave his son 2,000*l.* as a token of his delight, and he is said to have made altogether some 10,000*l.* out of the book from first to last. Had there been international copyright between England and America, his receipts would have been multiplied tenfold. As it was, the million and a half copies sold in the States only brought him in some 80*l.*, though he made a good deal by the readings from his works which he gave on both sides of the Atlantic. He afterwards published many volumes, pamphlets, and even a play; but they none of them created much attention until, in 1886, appeared his autobiography, "My Life as an Author," which once more directed public attention to a writer who had influenced the minds of millions. Mr. Tupper, who was a Fellow of the Royal Society, married in 1835 Isabella, only daughter of Mr. A. W. Davis, by whom he leaves several children.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace, Sydenham, S.E.

## COSTUME BALL, GLASGOW

AYR, according to Robert Burns, is, or was, celebrated for "honest men and bonnie lasses;" my experience of Glasgow men is yet too limited to pass any opinion on them, but if the young ladies who were present at the ball are fair average samples of Glasgow beauty, Ayr will have a hard struggle to beat them. As it was an artists' costume ball the artists themselves turned out to a man, severely historical, and heroically tempted Providence in tights, &c., even when nature had been a little unkind, here and there, in the way of calves. But it was a night they had—a night to be proud of. Mr. J. Wright Robb, the hon. sec., was to be seen everywhere—generally in two or three places at once—attending to anything and everything. The committee, with their distinguishing little palette badges pinned on their doublets, were always ready and willing to show the way to the refreshments, and generally did their utmost to attend to the comfort of their guests. The event of the evening was "The Reel;" for it some six or eight pipers limbered up and down a few times, settled down to business. So did the company. Surely never such a reel was danced before! The pipers blew, the dancers (male) "hooped" until, with a will, the expiring yell, the pipes collapsed. The string band rushed to the rescue. I don't know what tune it was they played, but it seemed to add fresh vigour to the dancers. Every now and again all the instruments, including kettledrums, made a sort of prolonged "Bir-r-r-r-r-r-r," until it culminated in a single sharp "bang" of the big drum, which seemed to give a sort of electric shock to the dancers, and make them all spring higher and "hoop" louder whenever it occurred. Altogether the artists of Glasgow have reason to be proud of their costume ball, not only for its brilliancy, but because of the substantial amount it has brought to the fund they are establishing.

## THE "YEOMEN OF THE GUARD" IN INDIA

THE names of Gilbert and Sullivan are now familiar all over the world, and, as far as the British Empire is concerned, are household words. As soon as ever a new opera is brought out at the Savoy, companies are sent out to Australia, India, and America to repeat, for the benefit of our far-away brethren, the whimsicalities of the author and the melodies of the composer. The *Yeomen of the Guard*, which has just been superseded at the Savoy, has of course enjoyed the honour of reproduction. In one, Phoebe three scenes from the opera as performed in India. In one, Phoebe Meryll, the Sergeant's daughter, is just finishing the song in which she has fooled the grim goliard, Wilfred Shadbolt, and stolen his keys; the next shows Elsie Maynard, the heroine, singing the song which precedes her discovery that Colonel Fairfax, whom she has secretly married, is the man she has loved as Leonard Meryll; and in the last we see Elsie with the Merryman, Jack Point.—Our engravings are from photographs.

## WOKING CREMATORIUM

See page 698.

## "THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

A NEW serial story by William Black, illustrated by William Small, is continued on page 685.

## FREE DINNERS FOR BOARD-SCHOOL CHILDREN

CHILDREN are very unlikely to study diligently when their stomachs are empty, or nearly empty; and yet it is a sad fact that, owing to the poverty of the parents, a large percentage of the children who attend the Board Schools are in this lamentable condition. It is not an easy problem to relieve these poor little



See page 701





THE SERGEANT'S DAUGHTER WOOING THE GAOLER

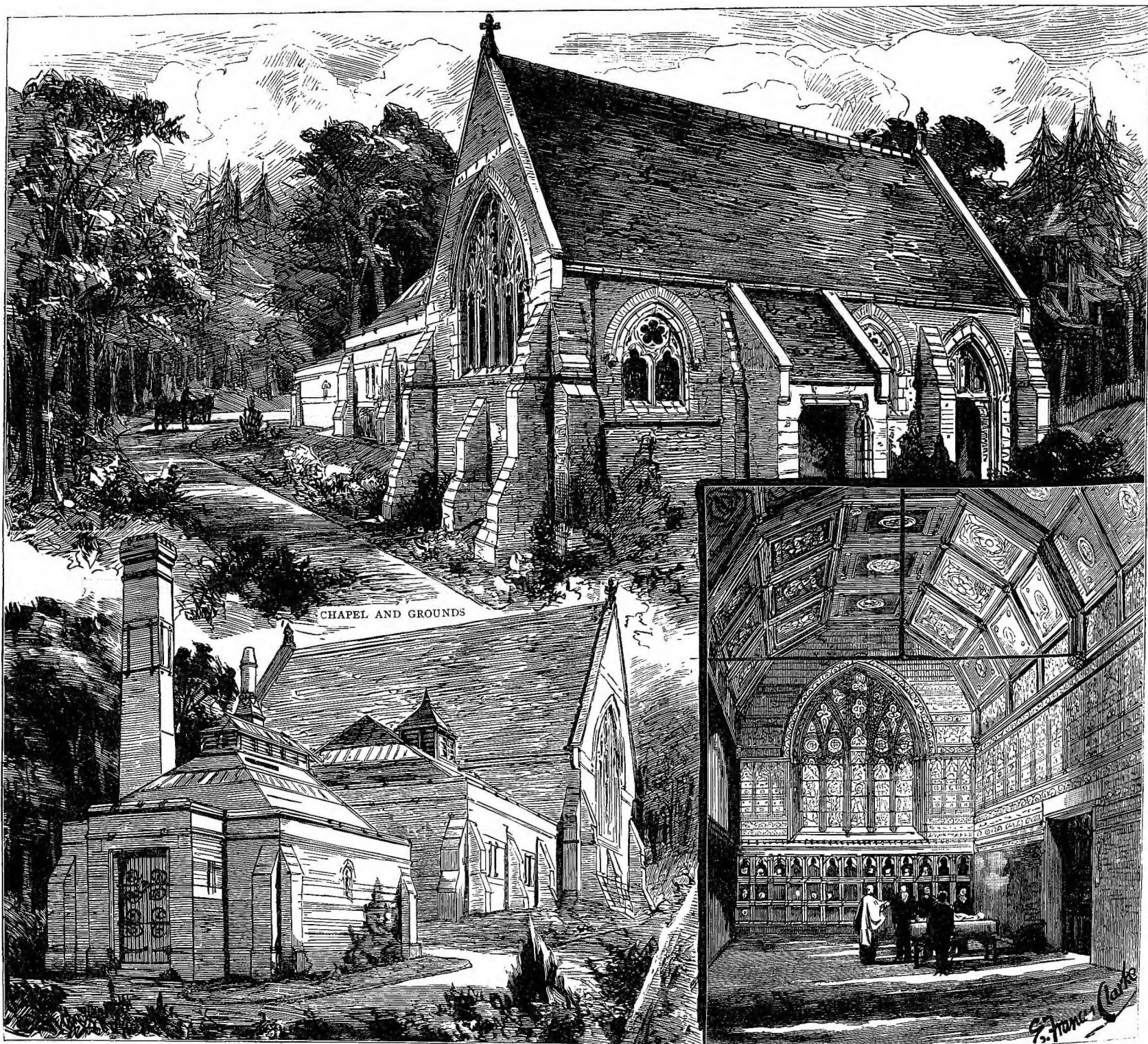


THE BRIDAL SONG



THE MERRYMAN AND HIS MAID

"THE YEOMEN OF THE GUARD" IN INDIA

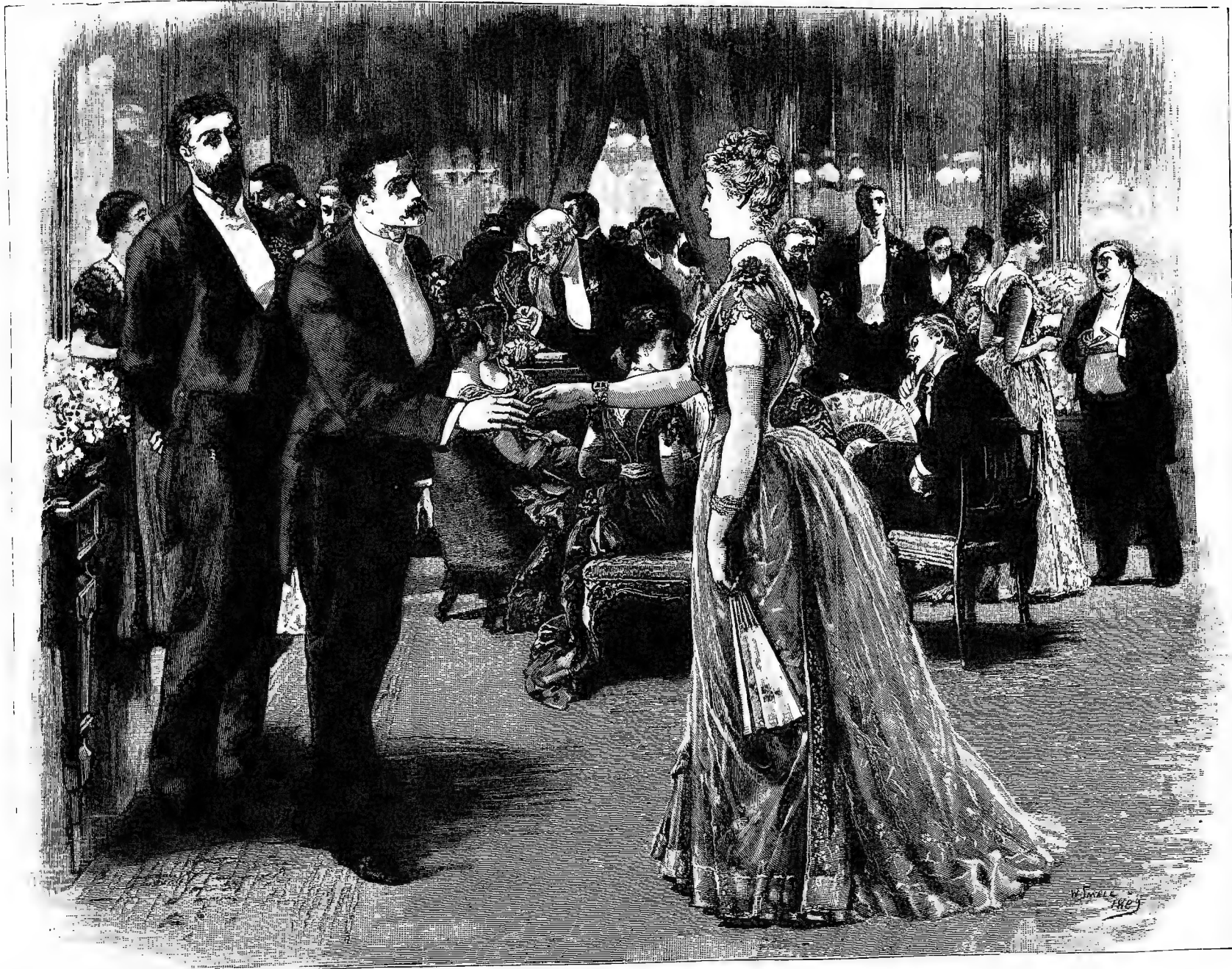


THE BUILDING LOOKING NORTH

INTERIOR OF CHAPEL

THE CREMATION BUILDINGS AT ST. JOHN'S, KNAPHILL, WOKING





DRAWN BY W. SMALL

There was a slight touch of colour visible on the gracious forehead when she offered him her hand.

## "THE NEW PRINCE FORTUNATUS"

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," "MACLEOD OF DARE," &C.

### CHAPTER XXI.

#### IN A DEN OF LIONS, AND THEREAFTER

WHEN Maurice Mangan, according to appointment, called at Lionel's rooms on the evening of Lady Adela Cunyngham's dinner-party, he was surprised to find his friend seated in front of the fire, wrapped up in a dressing-gown.

"Linn, what's the matter with you!" he exclaimed, looking at him. "Are you ill? What have you been doing to yourself?"

"Oh, nothing," was the answer. "I have been rather worried and out of sorts lately, that is all. And I can't go to that dinner to-night, Maurice. Will you make my excuses for me, like a good fellow? Tell Lady Adela I'm awfully sorry—"

"I'm sure I shan't do anything of the sort," Mangan said, promptly. "Do you think I am going to leave you here all by yourself? You know why I accepted the invitation: mere curiosity: I wanted to see you among those people—I wanted to describe to Miss Francie how you looked when you were being adored—"

"My dear chap, you would have seen nothing of the sort," Lionel said. "To-night there is to be a shining galaxy of genius, and each particular star will be eager to absorb all the adoration that is going. Authors, actors, painters, musicians—that kind of people: kid-gloved Bohemia."

"Come, Linn; rouse yourself, man," his friend protested. "You'll do no good moping here by the fire. There's still time for you to dress; I came early in case you might want to walk up to Campden Hill. And you shouldn't disappoint your friends, if this is to be so great an occasion."

"I suppose you're right," Lionel said, and he rose wearily, "though I would twenty times rather go to bed. You can find a book for yourself, Maurice: I shan't keep you many minutes—"

and with that he disappeared into his dressing-room. A four-wheeler carried them up to Campden Hill: a welcome glow of light shone forth on the carriage-drive and the dark bushes. As they entered and crossed the wide hall, they were preceded by a young lady whose name was at the same moment announced at the door of the drawing-room—"Miss Gabrielle Grey."

"Oh, really," said Mangan to his companion, as they were leaving their coats and hats. "I always thought 'Gabrielle Grey' was the pseudonym of an elderly clergyman's widow, or somebody of that kind."

"But who is Miss Gabrielle Grey?"

"You mean to say you have never even heard of her? Oh, she writes novels—very popular, too—and very deservedly so, for that kind of thing—excellent in tone, highly moral and stuffed full of High Church sentiment; and I can tell you this, Linn, my boy, that for a lady novelist to have plenty of High Church sentiment at her command is about equivalent to holding four of a kind at poker—and that's an illustration you'll understand. Now come and introduce me to my hostess, and tell me who all the people are."

Lady Adela received both Lionel and his friend in the most kindly manner.

"What a charming photograph that is of you in evening dress," she said to Lionel. "Really, I've had to lock away my copy of it; girls are such thieves nowadays; they think nothing of picking up whatever pleases them and popping it in their pocket." And there-with Lady Adela turned to Mr. Quirk, with whom she had been talking; and the new comers passed on, and found themselves in a corner, from whence they could survey the room.

The first glance revealed to Lionel that if all the talents were there, the 'quality' was conspicuously absent.

"I know hardly anybody here," he said in an undertone to Mangan.

"Oh, I know some of them," was the answer, also in undertone. "Rather small lions—I think she might have done better, with proper guidance. But perhaps this is only a beginning. Isn't your friend Quirk a picture! Who is the remarkably handsome girl just beyond?"

"That's Lady Adela's sister, Lady Sybil."

"The composer? I see: that's why she's talking to that portentous old ass, Schweinkopf, the musical critic. Then there's Miss Gabrielle Grey—poor thing, she's not very pretty—I was not good enough for man, and so am given to publishers. By Jove, there's Ichabod—standing by the door: don't you know him?—Egerton—but they call him Ichabod at the Garrick. Now what could our hostess expect to get out of Ichabod? He has nothing left to him but biting his nails like the senile Pope or Pagan in the Pilgrim's Progress."

"What does he do?"

"He is a reviewer, *et præterea nihil*. Some twenty years ago he wrote two or three novels, but people wouldn't look at them, and so he became morose about the public taste and modern literature. In fact, there has been no English literature—for twenty years: this is his wail and moan whenever an editor allows him to lift up his voice. It was feeble on the part of your friend to ask Ichabod:

she won't get anything out of him. I can see a reason for most of the others—those whom I know; but Ichabod is hopeless."

Mangan suddenly ceased these careless comments: his attention was arrested by the entrance of a tall young lady who came in very quietly—without even being announced.

"I say, who's that!" he exclaimed, under his breath.

And Lionel had been startled too; for he had convinced himself ere he came that Honnor Cunyngham was certain to be in Scotland. But there she was, as distinguished-looking, as self-possessed as ever; her glance direct and simple and calm, though she seemed to hesitate for a moment as if seeking for some one whom she might know in the crowd. From the fact of her not having been announced, Lionel guessed that she was staying in the house; perhaps, indeed, she had been in the drawing-room before. He hardly knew what to do. He forgot to answer his friend's question. If dinner were to be happily announced now, would it not save her from some embarrassment if he and she could go in their separate ways without meeting; and thereafter he could leave without returning to the drawing-room? Yet, if she was staying in the house, she must have known that he was coming?

All this swift consideration was the work of a single second; the next second Miss Honnor's eyes had fallen upon the young man; and immediately and in the most natural way in the world she came across the room to him. It is true that there was a slight touch of colour visible on the gracious forehead when she offered him her hand; but there was no other sign of self-consciousness; and she said quite quietly and simply—

"It is some time since we have met, Mr. Moore; but of course I notice your name in the papers frequently."

"I hardly expected to see you here to-night," he said, in reply. "I thought you would be off to Scotland for the salmon-fishing."

"I go to-morrow night," she made answer.

At the same moment Lord Rockminster came up, holding a bit of folded paper furtively in his hand: the faithful brother looked perplexed, for he had to remember the names of these various strangers; but here at least were two whom he did know.

"Mr. Moore, will you take Miss Cunyngham in to dinner?" he murmured, as he went by; so that Lionel found there would have been no escape for him in any case. But now that the first little awkwardness of their meeting was over, there was nothing else. Miss Cunyngham spoke to him quite pleasantly and naturally—though she did not meet his eyes much. Meantime dinner was announced, and Lord Rockminster led the way with a trim little elderly lady whom Lionel



afterwards discovered to be (for she told him as much) the London correspondent of a famous Parisian journal devoted to fashions and the *beau monde*.

And here he was seated side by side with Honnor Cunyngham, talking to her, listening to her, and with no sort of perturbation whatever. He began to ask himself whether he had ever been in love with her—whether he had not rather been in love with her way of life and its surroundings. He was thinking not so much of her as her departure on the morrow, and the scenes that lay beyond. Why had he not £10,000 a year—£5,000—nay, £1,000 a year—and freedom? Why could he not warm his soul with the consciousness that the salmon-rods were all packed and waiting in the hall; that new casting-lines had been put in the fly-book; that only the short drive up to Euston and a single black night lay between him and all the wide wonder of the world that would open out thereafter? Forth from the darkness into a whiter light—a larger day—a sweeter air; for now we are among the russet beech-hedges, the deep green pines, the purple hills touched here and there with snow; and the far-stretching landscape is shining in the morning sun; and the peewits are wheeling hither and thither in the blue. Then we are thundering through rocky chasms, and watching the roaring brown torrent beneath; or panting or struggling away up the lonely altitudes of Drumochter; and again merrily racing and chasing down into the spacious valley of the Spey. And what for the end?—the long, still strath after leaving Invershin—the penetration into the more secret solitudes—the peaks of Coulmore and Sullven in the west—and here the Aivron making a murmuring music over its golden gravel! There is a smell of peat in the air; there are children's voices about the keepers' cottages; and here is the handsome old Robert, rejoiced that the year has opened again, and Miss Honnor come back! "Well, Robert, you must come in and have a dram, and I will show you the tackle I've brought with me." "I am not wishing for a dram, Miss Honnor, so much as I am glad to see you back again, ay, and looking so well!"

"Mr. Moore," she said (and she startled him out of his reverie), "do you ever give a little dinner-party at your rooms?"

"Well, seldom," he said. "You see, I have only the one evening in the week; and I have generally some engagement or other."

"I should like to send you a salmon, if it would be of any use to you," she went on to say.

"Thank you very much: I would rather see you hook and land it than have the compliment of its being sent to me twenty times over. I was thinking this very minute of the Aivron, and your getting down to the ford the day after to-morrow, and old Robert being there to welcome you. I envy him—and you. Are you to be all by yourself at the Lodge?"

"For the present, yes," Miss Honnor said. "My brother and Captain Waveney come at the beginning of April. Of course it is rather hazardous going just now; the river might be frozen over for a fortnight at a time; but that seldom happens. And in ordinarily mild weather it is very beautiful up there—the most beautiful time of the year, I think; the birch-woods are all of the clearest lilac, and the brackens turned to deep crimson; then the bent grass on the higher hills—what they call deer's-hair—is a mass of gold. And I don't in the least mind being alone in the evening—in fact, I enjoy it. It is a splendid time for reading. There is not a sound. Caroline comes in from time to time to pile on more peats and sweep the hearth; then she goes out again; and you sit in an easy-chair with your back to the lamp; and if you've got an interesting book, what more company do you want? Then it's very early to bed in Strathavron; and I've got a room that looks both ways—across the strath and down; and sometimes there is moonlight making the windows blue; or if there isn't, you can lie and look at the soft red light thrown out by the peat, until the silence is too much for you, and you are asleep before you have had time to think of it. Now tell me about yourself," she suddenly said. "I hope the constant work and the long and depressing winter have not told on you. It must have been very unpleasant getting home so late at night during the fogs."

He would rather she had continued talking about the far Aivron and the Geinig; he did not care to come back to the theatre and Kate Burgoyne.

"One gets used to everything, I suppose," he said. "But still it must be gratifying to you to be in so successful a piece—to be aware of the delight you are giving evening after evening to so many people," Miss Honnor reminded him. "By the way, how is the pretty Italian girl—the young lady you said you had known in Naples?"

"She has left the New Theatre," he said, not lifting his eyes. "Oh, really. Then I'm sure that must have been unfortunate for the operetta; for she had such a beautiful voice—she sang so exquisitely—and besides that there was so much refinement and grace in everything she did. I remember mother was so particularly struck with her; we have often spoken of her since; her manner on the stage was so charming—so gentle and graceful—it had a curious fascination that was irresistible. And I confess I was delighted with the little touch of foreign accent: perhaps if she had not been so very pretty one would have been less ready to be pleased with everything. And where is she now, Mr. Moore?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Lionel said, rather unwillingly: he would rather not have been questioned.

"And is that how friendships in the theatre are kept up?" Miss Honnor said, reproachfully. "But it is all very well for us idle folk to talk. I suppose you are all far too busy to give much time to correspondence."

"No, we have not much time for letter writing," he said, absently.

Indeed it was well for her quiet that he had this companion who could talk to him in her quiet, low tones; for he was out of spirits, and inclined to be silent; and certainly he had no wish to join in the frothy discussion which Octavius Quirk had started at the upper end of the table. Mr. Mellord, the famous Academician, had taken in Lady Adela to dinner; but she had placed Mr. Quirk on her left hand; and from this position of authority he was roaring away like any sucking-dove and challenging everybody to dispute his windy platitudes. Lord Rockminster, down at the other end, mute and in safety, was looking on at this motley little assemblage, and probably wondering what his three gifted sisters would do next. It was hard that he had no Miss Georgie Lestrangle to amuse him: perhaps Miss Georgie had been considered ineligible for admission into this intellectual coterie. Poor man!—and to think he might have been dining in solitary comfort at his club, at a quiet little table, with two candles, and a Sunday paper propped up by the water-bottle! But he betrayed no impatience; he sat, and looked, and meditated.

However, when dinner was over and the ladies had left the room, he had to go and take his sister's place, so that he found himself in the thick of the babble. Mr. Quirk was no longer goring spider's-webs; he was now attacking a solid and substantial subject—nothing less than the condition of the British army; and a pretty poor opinion he seemed to have of it. As it chanced, the only person who had seen service was Lord Rockminster (at Knightsbridge) but he did not choose to open his mouth; so that Mr. Quirk had it all his way—except when Maurice Mangan thought it worth while to give him a cuff or a kick, just by way of reminding him that he was mortal. Ichabod, in silence, stuck to the portwine. Quincey Hooper, the American journalist, drew in a chair by the side of Lord Rockminster, and humbly fawned. And mean-

while Quirk, head downward, so to speak, charged rank and file, and sent them flying; arose again and swept the heads off officers; and was just about to annihilate the volunteers when Mangan interrupted him.

"Oh, you expect too much," he said, in his slow and half-contemptuous fashion. "The British soldier is not over well-educated, I admit; but you needn't try him by an impossible standard. I dare say you are thinking of ancient days when a Roman general could address his troops in Latin and make quite sure of being understood; but you can't expect Tommy Atkins to be so learned. And our Generals, as you say, may chiefly distinguish themselves at reviews; but the reviews they seem to me to be too fond of are those published monthly. As for the volunteers—"

"You will have a joke about them too, I suppose," Quirk retorted. "An excellent subject for a joke—the safety of the country! A capital subject for a merry jest: Nero fiddling with Rome in flames—"

"I beg your pardon; Nero never did anything of the kind," Mangan observed, with a perfectly diabolical inconsequence, "for violins weren't invented in those days."

This was too much for Mr. Quirk; he would not resume argument with such a trifter; nor, indeed, was there any opportunity; for Lord Rockminster now suggested they should go into the drawing-room—and Ichabod had to leave that decanter of port.

Now, if Maurice Mangan had come to this house to see how Lionel was fêted and caressed by "the great"—in order that he might carry the tale down to Winstead, to please the old folk and Miss France—he was deemed to disappointment. There were very few of "the great" present, to begin with; and those who were paid no particular attention to Lionel Moore. It was Octavius Quirk who appeared to be the hero of the evening, so far as the attention devoted to him by Lady Adela and her immediate little circle was concerned. But Maurice himself was not wholly left neglected. When tea was brought in, his hostess came over to where he was standing.

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Mangan?—I want to talk to you about something of very great importance—importance to me, that is, for you know how vain young authors are. You have heard of my new book?—yes, I thought Mr. Moore must have told you. Well, it's all ready, except the title-page. I am not quite settled about the title yet; and you literary gentlemen are so quick and clever with suggestions—I am sure you will give me good advice. And I've had a number of different titles printed, to see how they look in type: what do you think of this one? At present it seems to be the favourite: it was Mr. Quirk's suggestion—"

She showed him a slip with *North and South* printed on it in large letters.

"I don't like it at all," Mangan said, frankly. "People will think the book has something to do with the American Civil War. However, don't take my opinion at all. My connection with literature is almost infinitesimal—I'm merely a newspaper hack, you know—"

"What you say about the title is quite right; and I am so much obliged to you, Mr. Mangan," Lady Adela said, with almost pathetic emphasis. "The American war, of course: I never thought of that!"

"What is Ichabod's choice?—I beg your pardon, I mean have you shown the titles to Mr. Egerton?"

"I'm afraid he doesn't approve of any of them," said Lady Adela, sadly turning over the slips.

"No, I suppose not; good titles went out with good fiction—when he ceased to write novels a number of years ago. May I look at the others?"

She handed him the slips.

"Well, now, there is one that in my poor opinion would be rather effective—*Lotus and Lily*—a pretty sound—"

"Yes—perhaps," said Lady Adela, doubtfully, "but then, you see, it has not much connection with the book. The worst of it is that all the novel is printed—all but the three title-pages. Otherwise I might have called my heroine Lily—"

"But I fear you could not have called your hero Lotus," said Mangan, gravely. "Not very well. However, it is no use speculating on that now, as you say. What is the next one?—*Transformation*. Of course you know that Hawthorne wrote a book under that title, Lady Adela?"

"Yes," said she, cheerfully. "But there's no copyright in America; so why shouldn't I take the title if it suits?"

He hesitated; there seemed to be some ethical point here; but he fell back on base expediency.

"It is a mistake for two authors to use the same title—I'm sure it is," said he. "Look at the confusion. The reviewers might pass over your novel, thinking it was only a new edition of Hawthorne's book."

"Yes, that's quite true," said Lady Adela, thoughtfully.

"Well, here is one," he continued. "*Sicily and South Kensington*: that's odd; that's new; that might take the popular fancy—"

"Do you know, that is a favourite of my own," Lady Adela said, with a slight eagerness, "for it really describes the book. You understand, Mr. Mangan, all the first part is about the South of Italy; and then I come to London and try to describe everything that is just going on round about us. I have put *everything* in; so that really—though I shouldn't praise myself—but it isn't praise at all, Mr. Mangan, it is merely telling you what I have aimed at—and really any one taking up my poor little book some hundred years hence might very fairly assume that it was a correct picture of all that was going on in the reign of Queen Victoria. I do not say that it is well done; not at all; that would be self-praise; but I do think it may have some little historical value. Modern life is so busy, so hurried, and so complex that it is difficult to form any impression of it as a whole; I take up book after book, written by living authors with whom I shouldn't dream of comparing myself; and yet I see how small a circle their characters work in. You would think the world consisted of only eight or ten people; and that there was hardly room for them to move. They never get away from each other; they don't mix in the crowd; there is no crowd. But here in my poor way I am trying to show what a panorama London is—always changing—occupations, desires, struggles following one another in breathless rapidity—in short, I want to show modern life as it is, not as it is dreamed of by clever authors who live in a study. Now that is my excuse, Mr. Mangan, for being such a dreadful bore; and I am so much obliged to you for your kind advice about the title; it is so easy for clever people to be kind—just a word and it's done. Thank you," said she, as he took her cup from her and placed it on the table; and then, before she left him, she ventured to say, with a charming modesty: "I'm sure you will forgive me, Mr. Mangan, but if I were to send you a copy of the book, might I hope that you would find ten minutes to glance over it?"

"I am certain I shall read it with very great interest," said he; and that was strictly true; for this Lady Adela Cunyngham completely puzzled him; she seemed so extraordinary a combination of a clever woman of the world and an awful fool.

And Lionel? Well, he had got introduced to Miss Gabrielle Grey, whom he found to be a very quiet, shy, pensive sort of creature, not posing as a distinguished person at all. He dared not talk to her of her books, for he did not even know the names of them; but he let her understand that he knew she was an authoress.

and it seemed to please her to know that her fame had penetrated into the mysterious regions behind the footlights. She began to question him, in a timid sort of way, about his experiences—whether stage-fright was difficult to get over—whether he thought that the immediate and enthusiastic approbation of the public was a beneficial stimulant—whether the continuous excitement of the emotional nature tended to render it callous, or, on the other hand, more sensitive and sympathetic—and so forth: was she dimly looking forward to the conquest of a new domain, where the young ladies of the rectory and the vicarage might be induced fearfully to follow her? But Lionel did not linger long in that drawing-room. He got Maurice Mangan away as soon as he could; they slipped out unobserved—especially as there were plenty of newcomers now arriving; when they had passed down through the back garden to the gate, the one lit a cigarette, and the other a pipe; and together they wended their way towards Kensington Road and Piccadilly.

"Why," said Mangan, "I shall have quite a favourable report to carry down to Winstead. I did not see you treated with any of that unwholesome adulation I have heard so much of!"

"I am almost a stranger in the house, now," Lionel said, briefly.

"Why?"

"Oh, various circumstances, of late."

"They did not even ask you to sing," his friend said, in accents of some surprise.

"They dared not. Didn't you see that most of the people were strangers? How could Lady Adela be sure she was not wounding somebody's susceptibilities by having operatic music on a Sunday evening? She knew nothing at all about half these people—they were merely names to her, that she had collected round her in order that she might count herself in among the arts."

"That ill-conditioned brute Quirk seemed to me to be dominating the whole thing," said Mangan, rather testily. "It's an awful price to pay for a few puffs. I wonder a woman like that can bear him to come near her; but she pets the baboon as if he were a King Charles spaniel. Linnie, my boy, you're no longer first favourite. I can see that; self-interest has proved too strong; the flattering little review, the complimentary little notice, has ousted you. It isn't you who are privileged to meet my Lady Morgan in the street—"

"And then to gammon her, in the *Examiner*, With a paragraph short and sweet."

Well, now, tell me about that very striking-looking girl—or woman, rather—whom you took in to dinner. I asked you who she was when she came into the room."

"That was Miss Honnor Cunyngham."

"Not the salmon-fishing young lady I have heard you speak of?"

"Yes."

"Why, she didn't look like that," said Mangan, thoughtfully. "Not the least. She has got a splendid forehead—powerful and clear; and almost too much character about the square brows and the calm eyes. I should have taken her to be a strongly intellectual woman—of the finer and more reticent type. Well, well—a salmon-fisher!"

"Why shouldn't she be both?"

"Why, indeed?" said Maurice, absently; and therewith he relapsed (as was frequently his wont) into silence; and in silence the two friends pursued their way eastwards to Lionel's rooms.

But when they had arrived at their destination, when soda-water had been produced and opened, and when Mangan was lying back in an easy-chair, regarding his friend, he resumed the conversation.

"I should have thought going to see those people to-night would have brightened you up a little," he began, "but you seem thoroughly out-of-sorts, Linn. What is the matter? Over-work or worry? I should not think over-work; I've never seen your theatre-business prove too much for you. Worry? What about, then?"

"There may be different things," Lionel said, evasively, as he brought over the spirit case. "I haven't been sleeping well of late—lying awake even if I don't go to bed till three or four; and I get a singing in my ears sometimes that is bothersome. Oh, never mind me; I'm all right."

"But I'm going to mind you; for you are not all right. Is it money?"

"No, no."

"What, then? There is something seriously worrying you."

"Oh, there are several things," Lionel exclaimed, forced at last into confession. "I can't think what has become of Nina Ross, that's one thing; if I only knew she was safe and well, I don't think I should mind the other things. No, not a bit. But there was something about her going away that I can't explain to you—only I—I was responsible in a sort of way; and Nina and I were always such good friends and companions—well, it's no use talking about that. Then there's another little detail," he added, with an air of indifference: "I'm engaged to be married."

Mangan stared at him.

"Engaged to be married?" he repeated, as if he had not heard aright. "To whom?"

"Miss Burgoyne."

"Miss Burgoyne—of the New Theatre?"

"The same."

"Are you out of your senses, Linn!" Maurice cried, angrily.

"No, I don't think so," he said, and he went to the mantelpiece for a cigarette.

"How did it come about?" demanded Maurice again.

"Oh, I don't know. It isn't of much consequence, is it?"

Lionel answered carelessly.

Then Maurice instantly reflected that, if this thing were really done, it was not for him to protest.

"Of course I say nothing against the young lady—certainly not. I thought she was very pleasant the night I was introduced to her, and nice-looking too. But I had no idea you were taken in that quarter, Linn: none—hence the surprise. I used to think you were in the happy position which Landor declared impossible. What were the lines—I haven't seen them for twenty years—but they were something like this—"

*"Fair maiden, when I look on thee,  
I wish that I were young and free;  
But both at once, ah, who could be!"*

I thought you were 'both at once'—and very well content. But supposing you have given up your freedom, why should that vex and trouble you? The engagement-time is said to be the happiest period of a man's life: what is wrong in your case?"

Lionel took a turn or two up and down the room.

"Well, I will tell you the truth, Maurice," he blurted out at last. "I got engaged to her in a fit of restlessness, or caprice, or some such ridiculous nonsense; and I don't regret it; I mean, I am willing to stand by it; but that is not enough for her—and I can look forward to nothing but a perpetual series of differences and quarrels. She expects me to play *Harry Thornhill* off the stage, I suppose."

Mangan looked at him for some time.

"Even between friends," he said, slowly: "there are some things it is difficult to talk about with safety. Of course you know what an outsider would say: that you had got into a devil of a mess—that you had blundered into an engagement with a woman whom you find you don't want to marry."



"Well, is there anything uncommon in that?" Lionel demanded. "Is that an unusual experience in human life? But I don't admit as much, in my case. I am quite willing to marry her, so long as she keeps her temper, and doesn't expect me to play the fool. I shall say we shall get on well enough, like other people, after the hateful deed is done. In the mean time," he added, with a forced laugh, "in the mean time, I find myself now and again wishing I was a sailor brave and bold, careering round the Cape of Good Hope in a gale of wind, and with no loftier aspiration in my mind than a pint of rum and a well-filled pipe!"

"Faith, I think that's just where you ought to be," said Mangan, daily, "instead of in this town of London, at the present moment. I declare you've quite bewildered me. If you had told me you were engaged to that tall salmon-fishing girl—you used to talk about her a good deal, you know—or to that fascinating young Italian creature—and I've seen before now how easily the gentle friend and companion can be transformed into a sweetheart—I should have been ready with all kinds of pretty speeches and good wishes. But Miss Burgoyne of the New Theatre? Linn, my boy, I've discovered what's the matter with you; and I can prescribe an absolutely certain cure."

"What is it?"

"The cure? You have partly suggested it yourself. You must go at once and take your passage in a sailing-ship for Australia. You can stay there for a time and examine the Colony; of course you'll write a book about it, like everybody else. Then you make your way to San Francisco; and accept a three months' engagement there. You come on to New York; and accept a three months' engagement there. And when you return to England, you will find that all your troubles have vanished, and that you are once again the Linn Moore we all of us used to know."

A wild fancy flashed through Lionel's brain: what if in these far wanderings he were suddenly to encounter Nina? In vain—in vain: Nina had become for him but a shadow, a ghost, with no voice to call to him from any sphere.

"You would have me run away?—I don't see how I can do that," he said quietly; and then he abruptly changed the subject. "What did you think of Lady Adela?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, I've been wondering whether she was at the same time a smart and clever woman and an abject fool, or whether she was simply smart and clever and thought me an abject fool. It must be either one or the other. She played the literary *ingénue* very well—a little too openly perhaps. I'm curious about her book—"

"Oh, don't judge of her by her book!" Lionel exclaimed.

"That isn't fair. Her book you may very likely consider foolish; but she isn't foolish—not at all. I suppose her head is a little bit turned by the things that Quirk and those fellows have been writing about her; but that's only natural. And if she showed her hand a little too freely in trying to interest you in her novel, you must remember how eager she is to succeed. You'll do what you can for her book—won't you, Maurice?"

Maurice Mangan, on his way home that night, had other things to think of than Lady Adela's poor little book. He saw clearly enough the embroilment into which Lionel had landed himself; but he could not see so clearly how he was to get out of it. One question he forgot to ask: what had induced that mood of petulance or recklessness or both combined in which Lionel had wilfully and madly pledged all his future life? However, the thing was done; here was his friend going forward to a *mariage de convenance* (where there was very little *convenance*, to be sure) with a sort of careless indifference, if not of bravado; while his bride, on the other hand, might surely be pardoned if she resented, and indignantly resented, his attitude towards her. What kind of prospect was this for two young people? Maurice thought that on the very first opportunity he would go away down to Winstead and talk the matter over with Francie: who than she more capable of advising in aught concerning Lionel's welfare?

Notwithstanding his intercession with Maurice on behalf of Lady Adela's forthcoming novel, Lionel did not seem disposed to resume the friendly relations with the people up at Campden Hill which had formerly existed. He did not even call after the dinner-party. If Mr. Octavius Quirk were for the moment installed as chief favourite at Alton Lodge, he had no wish to interfere with him: there were plenty of other houses open, if one chose to go. But the fact is, Lionel now spent many afternoons and nearly every evening at the Garden Club: whist before dinner, poker after supper, being the established rule. Moreover, a new element had been introduced, as far as he was concerned. Mr. Percival Miles had been elected a member of the club; and had forthwith presented himself in the card-room, where he at once distinguished himself by his bold and intrepid play. The curious thing was that, while openly professing a kind of cold acquaintanceship, it was invariably against Lionel Moore that he made his most determined stand; with the other players he might play an ordinarily discreet and cautious game; but when Moore could be challenged, this pale-faced young man never failed promptly to seize the opportunity. And the worst of it was that he had extraordinary luck, both in the run of the cards and in his manoeuvres.

"What is that young whipper-snapper up to?" Lionel said to himself, after a particularly bad night (and morning) as he sat staring into the dead ashes of his fireplace. "He wanted to take my life until my good angel interfered and saved me. Now does he want to break me financially? By Jove, they're coming near to doing it amongst them. I shall have to go to Moss to-morrow for another £250. Well, what does it matter? The luck must turn some time. If it doesn't?—if it doesn't?—then there may come the tip before the mast, as the final panacea, according to Maurice. Australia?—there would be freedom there, and perhaps forgetfulness."

As he was passing into his bedroom he chanced to observe a package that was lying on a chair, and for a second he glanced at the handwriting of the address. It was Miss Burgoyne's. What could she want with him now? He cut the string, and opened the parcel: behold, here was the brown and scarlet woollen vest that she had knitted for him with her own fair hands. Why those intimately down-drawn brows? A true lover would have passionately kissed this tender token of affection, and bethought him of all the years, and half-hours, and quarters-of-an-hour, during which she had been employed in her pretty task, no doubt thinking of him all the time. Alas! the love-gift was almost angrily thrown on to the chair again—and he went into his own room.

(To be continued)

THIS SUMMER HAS BEEN EXCEPTIONALLY HOT IN CHINA. Shanghai and Ningpo were perfect ovens in July, and many Europeans died from sunstroke and heat-apoplexy. On July 7th, the thermometer marked 101 deg. in the shade at Shanghai—the highest record for many years. Rain was much wanted, and the Emperor with his princes and head nobles visited the chief temples round Peking to pray for wet weather, but without result. At last, a very sacred dragon tablet was brought into Peking with great ceremony, and, to the delight of the Chinese, a heavy storm of rain occurred soon afterwards, which was universally attributed to the virtue of the tablet.



"THE ROOF OF FRANCE" (Bentley) is much more than a good tourists' book. Of course Miss Betham Edwards knows France well; is it not due to her that the newest edition of *Murray* is so vastly superior to the older ones? All she says about scenery, and cheap but not nasty hotels, and undiscovered *bains* (long may they remain so) like Vic-sur-Cère, is sure to be both authentic and valuable. But far more important than all this—which people will find out for themselves, when even Château-Chinon in the Morvan, close to Vercingetorix's Bibracte (Mount Beauvray), gets its railroad—are her notes on peasant ownership and *petite culture*. Lady Verney has painted in the darkest colours the sordid misery in which, over large tracts, these little landowners exist. Miss Edwards never came across the misery, rarely across anything like *sordides*. In her experience, peasant proprietorship is a uniform success. The life is hard; but how infinitely preferable to that of Hodge, liable to eviction at a week's notice if the farmer he works for, having got out of bed in a bad temper, thinks he isn't so civil as he ought to be! Everywhere she finds "independence, thrift, and foresight, called forth by the all-potent agency of possession" (p. 77). Even where the *phyloxera* has done its wicked worst, and aniline dyes have made madder a drug in the market, "the peasant-owner never loses heart. He drives his plough across the ruined vineyards, digs up the madder-fields, plants other crops, and cheerfully accepts a fourth part of the profits." There is plenty besides in this delightful book—a good account of Orange, for instance, whose grand Roman arch just escaped destruction, not at the hands of the Reds, but of Maurice of Nassau; but what we want to know is: how about *petite culture*? Ireland will be parcelled out among peasant-owners if landlords don't stand out for absurdly-stiff prices. Will they succeed in a far worse climate than that of the Morvan or of the "Causses" of the Lozère? They can't keep silk-worms; and if they make goat's-milk cheese will anybody buy it? For us the question: Who is right, Miss Edwards or Lady Verney? is very practical.

"The Bookworm" (Elliot Stock), along with frontispiece from an early block-book, portrait of Albert Dürer, *facsimile* titles of Coverdale's and Cranmer's Bibles, and (strange contrast) a picture of a Greek Chorus, gives a medley in which book-fanciers are sure to find much to interest them. "Baron Munchausen," the authorship of which foiled even Southey; Drayton's "Polyolbion," which fell flat (no wonder; it runs to 30,000 lines), "such a cloud," said the author, "hath the devil drawn over men's judgment;" the "Flagellum Salutis," which prescribes a good flogging as the best cure not only for ague, but even for short sight; notices of Newbery, Christie, Rowlandson, &c.; such is a sample of this tasteful farrago. The note on "Spurious Title-pages" may possibly save book-buyers' pockets.

The new volume of Mr. Gomme's "Gentleman's Magazine Library" (Elliot Stock), consisting of Bibliographical Notes, has, to some extent, the same scope as "The Bookworm." Its most generally interesting passages, however, are those on early Almanacks and Newspapers, about which Mr. A. C. Bickley has been able to cull some new matter from the forgotten pages of "Sylvanus Urban." Many of his "notes," too, are on topics not given in the index. The volume contains a mass of out-of-the-way lore, such as the "Ludus septem sapientum," probably by Dunlop, author of the "History of Fiction."

In Dr. A. Japp's "Good Men and True" (Fisher Unwin) one goes at once to Edward Denison and Arnold Toynbee, who, the former in 1867, the latter in 1875, went to live in poor lodgings in Commercial Road. They are well written, as indeed are the rest, including Conington (one scarcely sees why he is here), Mr. Plimsoll, Sir T. Salt, Canon Kingsley, Dean Stanley, Norman Macleod, Dr. Guthrie, and Bishop Hannington. We strongly protest against the constant reproduction of the last too sad pages of the Bishop's journal. It can serve no purpose except to remind us that all this anguish and humiliation (along with much disaster besides) is due to the "vigorous action" of the German Equatorial Expedition, and the free hand it gave to "Corporal Schlag."

Is it a good sign that in the Camelot Series "Walden" is so soon followed by "A Week on the Concord" (Walter Scott)? Anything is wholesome which warns us not "to lose for living's sake the why of life;" but Thoreau wearies, with his eternal amplification of the half-true truism "My mind to me a kingdom is," because he has such a peculiarly priggish way of telling us so. When we read that he left thirty volumes of journals, we say at once: "To young men about to keep a journal—Don't!" "Matthew Arnold," remarks Mr. W. H. Dircks, in a preface which is a fine bit of special pleading for Thoreau, "gives but short shrift to transcendental mystics." He is right. How can you put up with a man who (as Mr. Dircks confesses) "always has his finger on his intellectual pulse," and never ceases posing, even if he is reading (and noting) a scrap of newspaper in which somebody's sandwiches had been wrapped? Yet now and again thoughts bright as diamonds and pure as pearls drop out of this pursed-up mouth. One minute he says of a shad that can't leap a mill-dam, "It will not be forgotten by some memory that we were contemporaries. Thou shalt, ere long, have thy way up all the rivers of the globe, if I am not mistaken." The next he points out that, "whereas by old State law every settler who deserted a town for fear of the Indians forfeited all his rights therein, now a man may desert the frontiers of truth and justice, which are the State's best lands, for fear of far more insignificant foes, without forfeiting any of his civil rights therein." Now he is the transcendentalist *in excelsis*. "I see, smell, taste, hear, feel that everlasting Something to which we are allied, at once our Maker, our Abode, our Destiny, our very Selves" (page 148); a few pages off he is translating Anacreon, and not doing it well. Altogether, the "Week's Record" (with some sweet bits of verse interspersed) is a strange medley, showing how much a man can make out of a very little if he rates highly enough himself and his antecedents, and if he has a fund of reading to fall back on. Mr. Lowell says Thoreau has no humour. He cannot have read the "Week." Here is one choice bit, dry and fine flavoured. "What the old naturalists say of Nature's operations is not without value when disproved. If not facts, they are suggestions for Nature herself to act upon" (page 325).

People used to think slavery could be subdued by efficient squadrons on the East and West Coasts. People then knew nothing of how things are in the African interior. The great slave highway is along the Nile Valley. Here we have long been hampered by our friends the successive Khédives, who had to be ménagés in the bondholders' interests. Then there is the kidnapping for sacrificial purposes, the agents being Arabs and Turuiks, whose addiction to slavery, while they profess the levelling creed of Mahomet, is as anomalous as the old Greek boast of a freedom that was based on slavery. How Canon Isaac Taylor can say, in the face of facts like those quoted for the twentieth time in "Cardinal Lavigerie and the Slave Trade" (Longmans), that Islamism is a humanising agency is amazing. Poor Mr. Win-

wood Reade might maunder about "the rich bovine smell" of a Mahomedan village, whereas pagan negroes keep only cocks and hens; but milk and beef are too dearly bought, if the result is a Continent-full of slave-catchers. If Cardinal Lavigerie succeeds in giving a grand impulse to the work in which Sir S. Baker was foiled, if he can give it something of the character of a Crusade, he will be a more effectual Las Casas. In any case we all wish to know as much as possible about the man who has thrown himself into this great work with as much energy as Cardinal Manning displayed about the Dock Strike. Mr. R. F. Clarke tells us all; Mgr. Lavigerie's work as Bishop of Nancy being as fully detailed as his career since he became Archbishop of Algeria.

Mr. C. E. Jennings has so identified his name with "Cancer" (Baillière) that his treatise will be sure to take rank as a text-book. It is a book for doctors; and yet the subject, bearing as it does on the "Contagious Diseases" controversy, is of great interest to laymen. The malignity of the disease may be judged from the result of Butlin's operations (p. 119); all but one proved fatal from the recurrence of the disease, though all had recovered and were temporarily relieved. One form of cancer, that which afflicts chimney-sweeps, has almost disappeared. This seems to show that the best way of getting rid of cancer is to remove the conditions which predispose to cancerous deposit. Mr. Jennings is widely known for his experiments on transfusion of blood and saline fluids, carried out five years ago at Ghent.

Mr. Baring Gould is indefatigable. He sometimes has two novels running together, and yet finds leisure for "Curious Mediæval Myths," "Talmudic Legends," and "Sermon Notes." His "Historic Oddities" (Methuen) have already appeared in various magazines; and there, we think, they might have remained. Nothing is pleasanter than to read in an old magazine volume a story like "Sophie Apitzsch," the armourer's daughter, who, running away in man's dress to avoid a hateful marriage, was thought to be the Crown Prince of Saxony, and was treated accordingly. But if all such stories are to be gathered into new volumes, even Mr. Mudie will have to build new barns. "Prince Hohenlohe" was a "faith-healer." "The Disappearance of Bathurst" undoubtedly made life at St. Helena harder for Bonaparte, whom the family (though Mr. Baring Gould says wrongfully) assumed to be his murderer. "A wax and honey-moon" is poor fooling.

The fifth volume of "The Carisbrooke Library" continuing the work of the Universal Library, contains "Milton's English Prose Writings" (Routledge), with a valuable introduction by the editor. Mr. H. Morley is in full sympathy with his author. He has even broken his promise that "in the Carisbrooke there will be no small type," in order to pack in "The Ready and Easy Way to a Free Commonwealth."

Mrs. Julian Marshall has added to the already too-abundant Shelley literature two large volumes of "The Life and Letters of Mary Wolstonecraft Shelley" (Bentley). Those who care for the subject will study her work, for it is painstaking enough to be exhaustive. We cannot help asking, *Cui bono?* What good can come of the old extracts about that runaway French tour at the end of which the strange pair came back to borrow money from poor Harriet Westbrook? If the book is intended to show the utter heartlessness of tongue-philanthropists and their cynical disregard of others where their own comfort is concerned, well and good. Godwin appears as a compound of Pecksniff and Micawber, cowed by his vulgar wife, and always afraid to apply to his own case the new laws by which he talked of regenerating society. Shelley is the most pitiable object in all literature, writing divine verses, yet pulled this way and that by "Clare," "the sprightly, restless Miss Clairmont," and "the judicious Mrs. Mason," and the whole tribe. Mrs. Marshall writes "by the request of Sir Percy and Lady Shelley." It is hard to believe that they acquiesce in her cruel way of treating the memory of Shelley's first wife. If the worst that has ever been alleged against her is true; if, after Shelley ran off with Godwin's daughter, "she lived a fast life," who had persistently preached her the Gospel of Free Love? She would only have been carrying out to her own ruin the theories which the visionary sophist "whose sensations at her death were those of horror, not of remorse" (!) had always been inculcating. The Shelley family can surely have no wish to blacken her whose death will always lie at the poet's door.

## RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is the freshness and brightness of the atmosphere of a spring morning in the volume of verse from the pen of Miss Harriet Eleanor Hamilton King, entitled "Ballads of the North and Other Poems" (Kegan Paul). The tragedy which may work itself out in the human heart is exemplified in "The Haunted Czar"; pity, tenderness, and gratitude are finely pictured in the "Irish Famine"; while, in "All Souls' Day," the note of the weird and mystic is struck. A stranger, on a November night of storm and rain, suddenly stands on the deck of a ship sailing to the Islands of the Blessed, to the Haven of the Saints. One only of the voyagers follows the stranger, and the poem ends too abruptly as they near the land. In "The Ballad of the Midnight Sun," the first timid outburst of nature-life at the dawn of the Arctic summer is pictured with much descriptive force. Miss King should gain in reputation by her latest work.

Following in the footsteps of the lamented Bowdler, Mr. H. Macaulay Fitz-Gibbon, M.A., gives us "Famous Elizabethan Plays" (W. H. Allen); expurgated and adapted for modern use. The volume includes "The Shoemaker's Holiday," by Thomas Dekker; "The Knight of the Burning Pestle," by Beaumont and Fletcher; "Epicene; or, the Silent Woman," by Ben Jonson; "A New Way to Pay Old Debts," by Philip Massinger; "Perkin Warbeck," by John Ford; and "The Two Noble Kinsmen." The texts are as pure and correct as possible, Mr. Fitz-Gibbon says; the fact of an omission is always denoted by an asterisk, that of a trivial alteration by an obelisk. The plays are printed in large clear type, and we will hope with its conscientious editor that the book "may be found of service for educational purposes, opening up and rendering available one of the most valuable portions of English poetic and dramatic literature." He has certainly provided us in a single, readable, volume with half a dozen masterpieces by various old English dramatists.

If half that has been said of a certain poem is true, there are many folk who will be grateful to Miss Jeanie Morison for "Sordello, an Outline Analysis of Mr. Browning's Poem" (William Blackwood). Every one knows the famous smart saying that there are only two intelligible lines in it—the first,

Who wills may hear Sordello's story told;

and the last,

Who would has heard Sordello's story told.

and that they are not true. However, Miss Morison has made the dark places plain, and now he that runs may read with the understanding what is by common consent the most difficult of Mr. Browning's poems. This useful little work was originally written for the members of the Edinburgh Women Students' Browning Club.





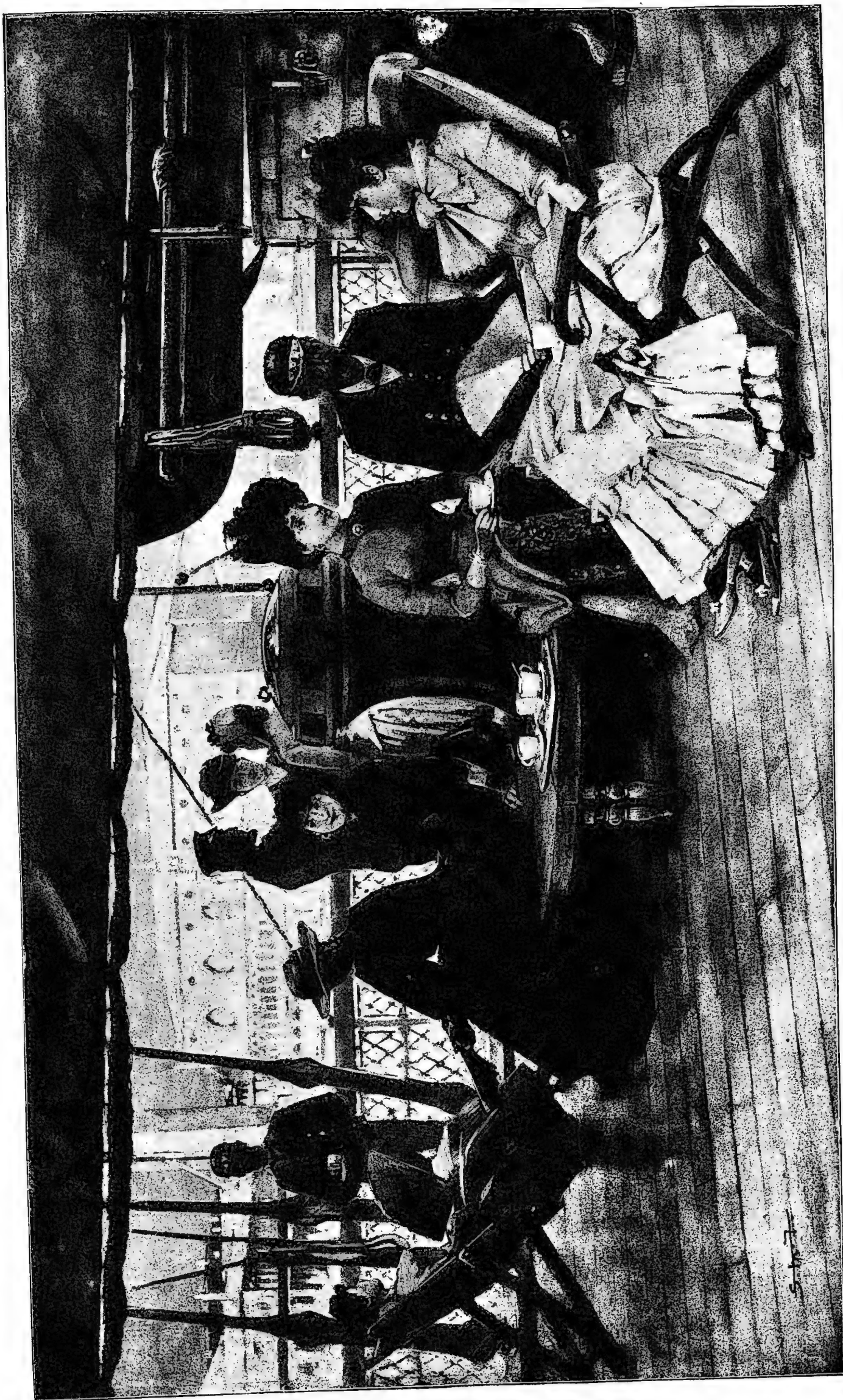
DINNER TIME—WAITING FOR THE SOUP



THE CHILDREN AT WORK AFTER DINNER

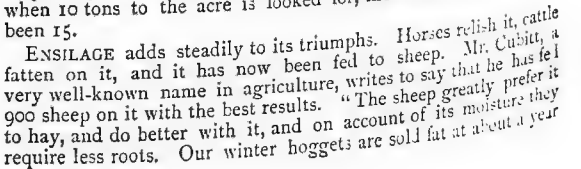
FREE DINNERS GIVEN TO BOARD SCHOOL CHILDREN AT DENMARK TERRACE BOARD SCHOOL, ISLINGTON, N.





AFTERNOON TEA ON BOARD A "P. AND O." STEAMER AT VENICE  
DRAWN BY S. MELTON FISHER







old, and are usually finished off with chaffed ensilage and pulped roots, the soft food being more readily eaten by sheep with their first teeth. The last two winters I have kept some ensilage over until the next winter, and I have not found it deteriorate in any way in quality. The sheep and cattle now fattening for our Christmas sale are using ensilage saved in June, 1888, in the rain of that wet season. Keeping it in our stone-built silos rather improves it after the first year.

**MEMORANDA.**—Our readers are asked to remember that the great Christmas Cattle Show opens at Islington on Monday next, the 5th inst., and remains open till Friday evening.—The Farmers' Club meet on Monday, at 6 P.M., at the Salisbury Square Hotel, to consider the very important subject of agricultural education. The Secretary, Mr. Druce, will open the discussion with a paper. The annual dinner of the Club is fixed for Tuesday, December 10th, at 6 P.M., immediately after the annual general meeting, which is fixed for four o'clock. The Committee on this occasion will have to announce that the balance in hand is 1,543*l.*, and that there are something like 400 members. The annual meeting is robbed of much of its interest by the fact that the ordinary members of the Club have no voice in the selection of chairman or vice-chairman for 1890. We understand that the Committee will announce that their choice has fallen on Mr. Rix, of St. Albans, and Mr. Bowen Jones, of Shrewsbury, for these offices.

### LITERARY NICKNAMES

MEN of letters have displayed a singular fertility of invention in the nicknames, *sobriquets*, and epithets, encomiastic, depreciatory, or critical, which they have bandied from one to the other. The subject is too wide for exhaustive survey in these columns, but a passing glance at it will convince the reader of its varied interests. To begin with: Democritus, the so-called "laughing philosopher," having been born at Abdera, in Thrace, the term, "an Abderite," or "an Abderitan," is often applied to him who makes ridicule the test of truth, or treats serious themes with lightness.

The "Academè" of Plato survives in the word "Academic," signifying a scholarly and polished form of literary effort—a favourite word with the late Matthew Arnold. By a strange extravagance of criticism, Henry Mackenzie, author of that exceedingly sentimental novel, "The Man of Feeling," has been styled "the Addison of the North;" yet he has little or nothing in common with the suave moralist of the *Spectator*. A like want of discrimination is shown in styling Sir Walter Scott "the Ariosto of the North"—though the phrase is Lord Byron's—and in implying that Pontus de Thiard, called "the French Anacreon," Walter Mapes, "the twelfth-century Anacreon," and Giovanni Meli, "the Sicilian Anacreon," have any real grounds of comparison with the Greek lyricist, except that, like him, they sing of love and wine. Herrick has more of the true Anacreontic flavour than either. English literature is sometimes supposed to boast its "Aristophanes" in Samuel Foote, a clever mimic and *farceur* but fatally inferior to the brilliant and daring wit who attacked Socrates, and covered even the Olympian gods with his bold ridicule.

"Eliu," the immortal *nom de plume* of Charles Lamb, was adapted by him from the name of a "gay, light-hearted foreigner," who had been a clerk at the Old South Sea House in Charles Lamb's time. "Father Prout" reminds us of the humorous prose and verse, with their tincture of quaint scholarship, which flowed from the facile pen of Francis Mahony. There have been no end of doctors—the "Subtle Doctor," John Duns, the "Angelic Doctor," Thomas Aquinas, the "Eloquent Doctor," Peter Aureolus, Archbishop of Aix, the "Evangelic Doctor," John Wyclif. The "Illuminated Doctor" was Raymond Lull, the French alchemist; but the honourable term has also been bestowed on the German mystic, John Tauler. That of the "Invincible Doctor" belongs to William Occam, or Ockham, our great English schoolman, who, as Hallam reminds us, revived the sect of the Nominalists, originally instituted by Roscelin, and, with some important variations of opinion, brought into repute by Abelard, but afterwards overwhelmed by the greater authority of the Realists. The "Solid Doctor" was the learned Richard Middleton, and the "Doctor Mirabilis," Roger Bacon.

How many "Bards" do our literary annals count? First and foremost, of course, the "Bard of Avon." Also, the "Ayrshire Bard" (Burns), the "Peasant Bard" (Clare), the "Bard of Hope" (Campbell), the "Bard of Memory" (Rogers), the "Bard of Olney" (Cowper), the "Bard of Twickenham" (Pope), and the "Bard of Rydal Mount" (Wordsworth). And there have been several so-called "Ciceros," as, for instance, the "British Cicero," the great Earl of Chatham, who much more closely resembled Demosthenes, and the "French Cicero," Jean Baptist Massillon, the famous preacher. As for Homer: by some remarkable freak of satire, William Wilkie, author of the dull and prosy "Epigoniad," has been styled the "Scottish Homer"—an honour which might, with some degree of fitness, be bestowed on Sir Walter Scott. Byron, by the way, compliments Fielding as "the prose Homer of human nature." Tasso had previously complimented Ariosto as "the Homer of Ferrara." Of sham Homers and Virgils there are more than it would be profitable to enumerate, owing to the laxity with which these eulogistic comparisons have been used.

MacFlecknoe was the name applied to the dramatist Shadwell by Dryden, who borrowed it from an Irish priest, notorious for his wretched verses. Stanislaus Hoax was the late Lord Beaconsfield's coinage for Theodore Hook. "The Lake Poets" comprised Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge, and afterwards, Lamb, Lloyd, and Wilson:—

Who lived in the lakes—an appropriate quarter  
For poems diluted with plenty of water.

In the "Cockney School" were included Shelley, Keats, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, and others. Never was term more infelicitous or unjust. By the "English Rabelais" Swift is sometimes meant and sometimes Sterne; Dr. Maginn was occasionally called (most unhappily) the "Modern Rabelais." George Crabbe is the "Poet of the Poor;" the "Poet Squab" was Rochester's nickname for Dryden. Smollett has particularised Dr. Johnson as "the Great Cham of Literature." He is also addressed as the "Great Moraliser" and as the "Leviathan of Literature."

The reader will not need to be reminded that the "Great Magician" was (and is) Sir Walter Scott; the "Matchless Orinda" was Mrs. Catherine Philips, a graceful writer of the seventeenth century.

The "Spasmodic School of Poets" was a term applied with more smartness than justice to "Festus" Bailey, Alexander Smith, and Sydney Dobell. Their peculiarities are amusingly satirised by the late Professor Aytoun in his "Frimilian; a Spasmodic Tragedy." The "Satanic School" included Byron and Shelley.

The fine taste and elegant scholarship of Atticus, the friend of Cicero, enhance the value of the compliment which Pope paid to Addison in calling him the "English Atticus," though he afterwards more than neutralised it by the bitter satirical attack which concludes:—

Who would not laugh if such a name there be?  
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?

Bishop Heber, of Calcutta, has been distinguished as the "Christian Atticus," though the aptness of the designation seems more than doubtful. Elihu Burritt, blacksmith and linguist, was known as the "Learned Blacksmith."

The "Della Crusca School" was the term bestowed on some English residents at Florence, who, towards the close of the eighteenth century, wrote much bad prose and worse verse in a sickly, sentimental style. They afterwards returned to England, where they lived their little day, but were ultimately extinguished by the rough satire of William Gifford in his "Baviad" and "Mæviad."

D. A.

### SIX HUNDRED MILES UP THE YANG-TSE-KIANG

THE Yang-tse-kiang, the third largest river in the world, and more than three thousand miles long in all its windings, from its rise in the north-western mountains of China to its discharge into the Yellow Sea, is navigable by steamboat as far as Jehang—a thousand miles up from Shanghai.

There are three companies which run steamers up the river, and it was in one belonging to the China Navigation Company, the *Nganking*, a fine vessel of 3,000 tons, fitted up with every latest improvement, that we recently made the journey, to and fro, from Shanghai to Hankow. The distance is six hundred miles, and the trip there and back, which occupied nine days, proved in every way interesting and enjoyable.

Large numbers of "Chasus" go up every May to the river ports, and even as early as April we had quite a crowd of them in the *Nganking*. We had learned to look upon the "Chasu" with mingled fear and dread, for every one kept saying, *apropos* of our trip, "Better go early, and so avoid the 'Chasus'!"—it was a great relief to our mind, therefore, to discover him, later on, to be neither more nor less than a simple tea-taster. Our "Chasus" were all Russians, and bound for Hankow, which is one of the largest marts on the river for the tea-trade. At the house of the hospitable Commissioner of Customs we tasted some tea which I should imagine for delicacy of flavour must be unequalled: it was some that he had received as a gift from a "chop" sent to the Emperor of Russia, and is not to be bought for money, being reserved exclusively for the use of the Imperial Court.

The Yang-tse-kiang possesses, to a great extent, the charm of variety. Owing to its floods, its opposing currents, and its soft and yielding soil, it is constantly changing its aspect; and what at one time is a shoal in a few years transforms itself into an island, or attaches itself to the mainland, to disappear, perhaps, as expeditiously as it arose.

At the delta of the river, opposite Wusung and twelve miles from Shanghai, lies the largest alluvial island in the world—Tsung-Ming; this island is sixty miles long and ten wide, and possesses about a million of inhabitants, yet a few hundred years ago it was not in existence, and perhaps in a century or two more the water will again flow fathoms deep over the spot where it once flourished.

The first day of our journey the scenery was monotonous and uninteresting; the low, flat banks being too far distant to afford us even the poor excitement of the sight of a Chinaman's coffin. The casual way in which these coffins lie promiscuously about in China on the river banks is at first almost disconcerting to a stranger, but very soon one grows accustomed to the sight.

In the evening, at dinner, among other delicacies on the bill of fare was the "Samli," the far-famed white salmon of the Yang-tse-Kiang. Some one at table told us the same fish is found in the Hooghly, and that it is also similar to the American chad.

At sunset we came in sight of Chinkiang, where the Grand Canal crosses the river on its way from Hang-Chau to Peking. We were disappointed at not being able to go on shore and visit the scene of the riots of the previous month, but the downward stream had possession of the Company's hulk, and so we were obliged to anchor till midnight at Silver Island, two miles away. Next morning we were awakened at daylight by a great rattling of chains, as the *Nganking* loosened her hold on the hulk, and swung out into the river on her way to the once celebrated but now insignificant and third-rate city of Nanking. The scenery soon began to get very pretty; hills rose on either side, and little villages and long stretches of peach-orchards broke the monotony of the low banks, while here and there on some rocky eminence, outlined against the sky, was perched a tall-storied pagoda. The Chinese always choose the highest places for the erection of these sacred edifices, as according to their belief the gods love to dwell in high places.

As Nanking is not a "Treaty Port," we only stopped there a few minutes to disembark a boat-load of Chinamen. This once-famous city, twice the capital of China, contains now but little of interest or attraction. Of the beautiful Porcelain Pagoda not a vestige remains, the students having carried away every atom left after its destruction in the Taiping Rebellion.

At near intervals, all along the river banks, are little mud-hovels similar in shape to, and not much bigger than, an ordinary dog-kennel. Here the fisherman lives and plies his trade all day, occasionally, by means of a bamboo-pulley, raising his net from the water when he imagines he has made a good haul of fish.

"I've been on this river over twenty years," said our Captain, "and I never saw one of them catch anything yet."

As he spoke, the fisherman at whom we had been looking drew up his net, and lo! there was a great fish in it, some two feet long. Oddly enough it was the only fish I saw caught while on the river.

All that day we passed walled towns built on the slope of the hill-side, and occasionally bristling with fortifications; and now and again we would see a group of children playing beside the water far from any signs of habitation, or a water-buffalo would appear to enliven the scene, but as a rule there was a still, desolate air over everything.

In the evening we arrived at Wuhu, one of the Treaty Ports. There is nothing of much interest about this place, except that here the tide in the river ceases, also, it possesses an old decayed pagoda which is zealously guarded, because tradition says that when that pagoda falls, then falls Wuhu. If this prophecy is to be relied upon, Wuhu, judging from the appearance of the pagoda, is destined to have a very short reign of it.

Next day we passed close to the walled town of Nganking. It wore a peaceful air in the early morning—the drooping willows and brown sails of the fishing-junks beneath the old grey wall, and the slender pagodas, and the quaint joss-houses within the city, rising from amid green foliage, lent a pretty and picturesque charm to the scene; but those who could read between the lines, and who knew what an amount of degradation, squalor, and vice a Chinese town is capable of containing, were not deceived by this outward appearance of slumbrous calm and peace. It was horrible to think that even as we looked some poor wretch behind those walls might be undergoing tortures indescribable.

We were all glad to see the last of Nganking, for this suggestion of torture, lightly thrown out by some one, recalled to us too vividly for our mental comfort a description of the punishment at Canton of a State offender, which we had read recently in a Shanghai paper. The wretched man had been buried up to his neck in sand close by a convenient ant-hill; his mouth had then been tied open and his face plentifully besmeared with treacle, a train of which, so that no mistake might be made, having then been laid to the ant-hill.

After we had left Nganking some miles behind us, the Captain pointed out the place, close to where we were then passing, in eight fathoms of water, where, sixteen years before, there had been a

populous island, two miles long, covered with farms and stock. Even as lately as three years ago, he said, all traces of the land had not disappeared; now there is nothing to mark the spot but a waste of waters. He further told us that the river had in the last month risen thirty feet, and yet, about a half-mile away, across some green meadows, we noticed a bank of rocky cliffs, the high watermark on which, some distance up, showed the height to which the waters might still rise.

After leaving Tunglin, the scenery for the first time began to be wild, rugged, and rocky. Just before dusk we passed within a stone's throw of the "Little Orphan," a pretty little wooded island, surmounted by a Joss House and a Monastery, from the walls of which a melancholy-eyed priest looked down; and then a little further on we passed the "Great Orphan," standing like a guardian at the entrance to Lake Poyang. This lake is fifty miles long, and the scenery on it is said to be extremely beautiful; it has large towns and extensive manufactories on its shores, but as yet is closed to European trade. That night we passed Tenkiang, so famous for its pottery, and in the neighbourhood of which both gold and silver are found, and next morning we arrived at Hankow, and dropped anchor alongside the Company's hulk. Between Nganking and Hankow the river rises higher than in any other part, and although generally about three-quarters of a mile across, it has been known to reach below Hankow, a width of twenty miles, forming one vast sheet of water with no land visible on either side. These floods naturally cause great distress to the villagers and farmers. It is not at all an uncommon thing for the inhabitants of Hankow to be flooded out of their houses. Sometimes they have to migrate to Wuchang, which lies on the higher ground, on the opposite side of the river.

After a three days' stay, during which time we were most hospitably entertained, we left Hankow, and started on our return trip to Shanghai. This time we landed at Chinkiang, and visited the ruins of the British Consulate and other places, wrecked and looted by the mob of thirty thousand howling Celestials in March last. We saw also the wall through which the Consul and his family and friends managed to break, as they fled for safety to the steamer *Kiangyu*, then in harbour.

It is marvellous how they managed to get through a wall eight feet high and proportionately thick in such a short space of time; but, perhaps, the sound of the rioters as they clamoured, mad with excitement, at the gates below, may have helped them somewhat. The Chinese Government have paid, willingly enough, the indemnity demanded for the damage sustained, and affairs seem to have settled down quietly again, but there are those who shake their heads, and say there should always be a gunboat stationed on the river.

Poor Chinkiang has undergone four other sieges since that memorable and terrible one in 1842, during the war between England and China. Throughout the whole of the Taiping Rebellion, it was continually suffering from dissensions within and assaults without; twice it was taken by the rebels and twice retaken by the Imperialists, till at one time there was hardly a house left standing. Hankow also suffered terribly during this civil war, being six times taken by assault, while at Nganking, during one of the sieges, human flesh, says Williams, in his "Middle Kingdom," was sold on the butchers' stalls. He further states that 20,000,000 lives were lost in connection with the Taiping Rebellion, during the fifteen years it lasted.

J. O.

### SKETCHES IN THE LAW COURTS—II.

OF all the courts, the Admiralty Court is perhaps the least known, and yet the best worth knowing. Thrilling stories of the sea are often told here, and Mr. Justice Butt sitting with or without the Trinity Masters has no easy task in deciding the rights and wrongs of many a case on the conflicting evidence before him. There is a hearty partisanship among seafaring men which seems to render it impossible for them to give unbiassed evidence. In "running-down cases" and the like the stories of both sides are always categorical down to the minutest details, and all the witnesses stick to their version with a pertinacity which would be worthy of the highest praise if it did not often involve perjury. The "rule of the road"—as the regulations governing navigation are known—is, for all its technicalities, so clear as to leave little room for prevarication, and witnesses on each side in collision cases, therefore, swear to a consistent story which goes to show that it was the other vessel which was in fault. We do not suppose there ever was a case of the kind heard in the Admiralty Court in which the witnesses on both sides did not asseverate that the lights on their vessel were all right, and the helm as it ought to be.

One of our illustrations shows a typical group of "sal." waiting for the verdict. The Judge has retired with the Elder Brethren to decide the momentous question "Who is to blame?" It is easy to understand the anxiety of the masters and mates who are discussing the case. An adverse verdict means, perhaps, the cancelling or suspension of their certificates, and a master who is found to have made an error of judgment is lucky if he is granted a mate's certificate during the period of probation which must elapse before his "rating" is restored to him. There are, indeed, few callings where the consequences of mistake, made almost certainly under circumstances of the greatest difficulty, are so serious. The High Court of Admiralty has since 1873 been a branch of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Justice. But although its procedure has undergone some formal changes it still preserves its exclusive jurisdiction, and its rules in all such cases as damages by collision at sea now prevail over those of the Common Law Courts. Its ancient prerogatives, therefore, have by no means been abrogated by its consolidation with the other Divisions of the High Court.

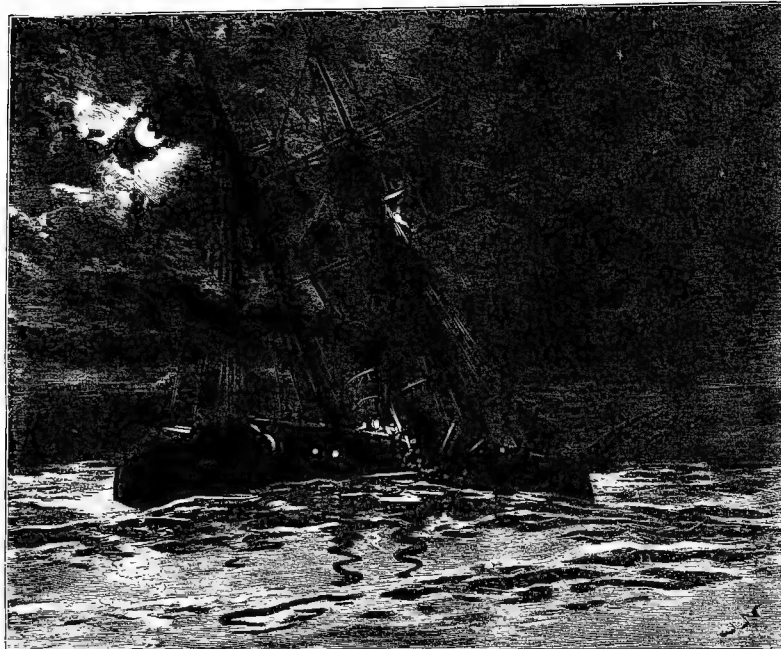
This is not the place to trace the origin and jurisdiction of the old High Court of Admiralty, but it is curious to know that it is supposed to date back to the time of Edward III. It was held before the Lord High Admiral of England, or his deputy, and, its procedure being based on the civil law, it sat at Doctors' Commons. The Prize Court, where vessels captured at sea had to be condemned as prize by the law of nations, so as to bar the original owners, was one of its most important Divisions. Its decisions obtained a world-wide reputation in the time of Lord Stowell. It was of these that Defoe wrote when he declared that "England was a fine country, but a man called Doctors' Commons was the devil, for there was no getting out of his clutches, let one's cause be never so good, without paying a great deal of money."

The connection of the Trinity House with the Admiralty Court, where two of the Elder Brethren sit, if required, as Nautical Assessors, has added very largely to the public confidence in that tribunal. Innumerable points crop up requiring practical seamen rather than lawyers to appreciate their bearings, and the Masters often materially lighten the labours and responsibility of the Judge.

Mr. Justice Butt is no unworthy successor to Sir Robert Phillimore in this tribunal. For many years the leader of the Admiralty Bar, he has a profound acquaintance with the intricacies of maritime law and the idiosyncracies of seafaring witnesses.

Our second illustration represents the learned Judge questioning the logic of counsel with that genial good humour which always characterises him on and off the bench.

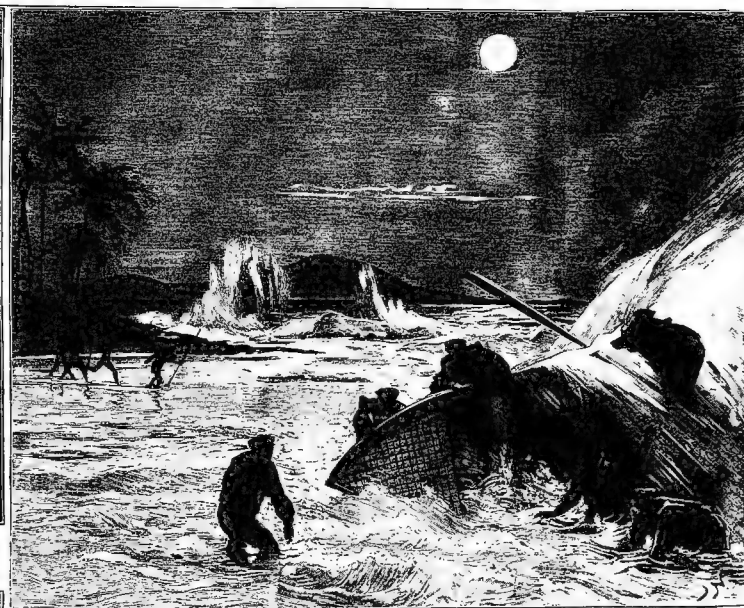
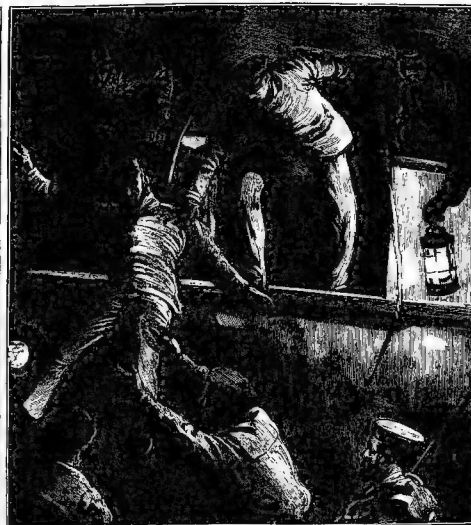




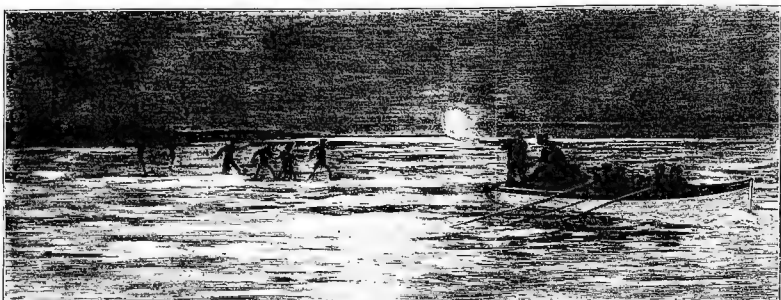
1. WE APPROACH THE LAND AT NIGHT-FALL, AND THE SURVEYING PARTY GETS READY THE SEXTANTS, ARTIFICIAL HORIZON, AND OTHER PARAMATHEMATICALS NECESSARY TO TAKE AN OBSERVATION



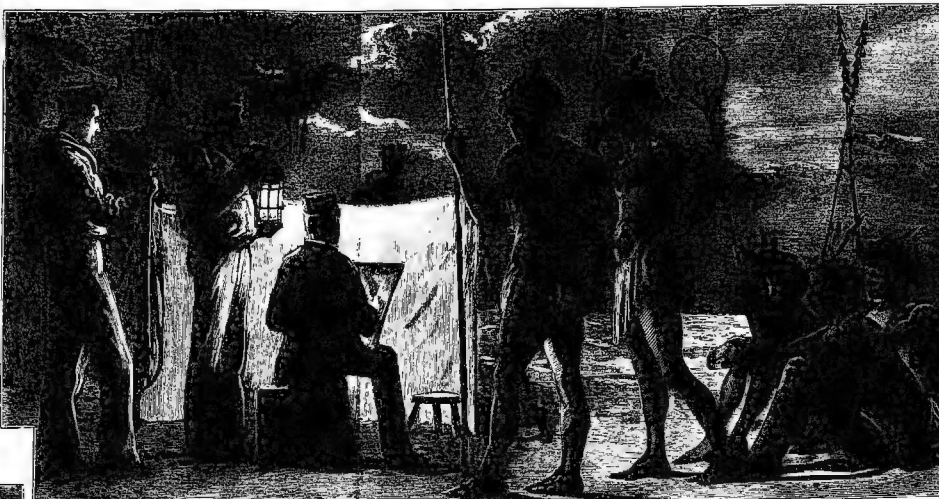
2. THERE IS A PRETTY GOOD SWELL ON, AND THE SET-DOWN INTO THE BOAT ALONGSIDE IS CONSTANTLY VARYING FROM ONE TO SIX FEET. THE BOWMAN, TOO SUDDENLY LOSING HIS HOLD WITH THE BOAT-HOOK, NARROWLY ESCAPES A DUCKING



3. ON NEARING THE SHORE WE OBSERVE THAT OUR ADVENT HAS ATTRACTED A LARGE PARTY OF NATIVES TO THE BEACH, WHO IN THE COURSE OF THE NEXT FIVE MINUTES (WHEN WE ARE UNFORTUNATE ENOUGH TO GET CAPSIZED IN THE SURF) RENDER US VALUABLE ASSISTANCE IN HAULING UP THE BOAT AND COLLECTING OUR PROPERTY



4. WHICH WE REGAIN AFTER MANY NARROW ESCAPES FROM STONE CLUBS, LANCES BARBED WITH BITS OF HUMAN BONE, AND OTHER BARRACOUT'S WEAPONS



4. BY A PIECE OF GOOD FORTUNE WE GET OUR INSTRUMENTS ASHORE WITHOUT INJURY, AND ACCORDINGLY PROCEED TO WORK. THE EXTREME INTEREST EVINCED BY THE DUSKY ABORIGINES IN OUR PROCEEDINGS BECOMES VERY EMBARRASSING, AND EVENTUALLY THEIR CURIOSITY INDUCES THEM TO CROWD IN TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT—



5. ONE OF THEM DEMOLISHES THE "HORIZON"



6. REMONSTRANCES ARE IN VAIN, AND AFFAIRS LOOK SO THREATENING



7. THAT IT IS DEEMED ADVISABLE TO PACK UP OUR TRAPS AND PREPARE FOR ACTION OR FLIGHT



8. DISCRETION IS THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR, SO WE DECIDE TO MAKE FOR THE BOAT



10. AFTER RETALIATING BY A PARTING VOLLEY, WE MAKE OUR WAY ON BOARD AGAIN, WHERE WE ARRIVE, MANY'S OBSERVATIONS, WET THROUGH, AND LIFED UP

## SURVEYING ON THE NEW GUINEA COAST—A NOCTURNE

NOTE.—The "Artificial" horizon is for use at night when from one reason or another the true horizon cannot be observed with a sextant. It consists of a box with a sort of "roof" of glass, and contains a trough of quicksilver, in which, when placed in position, the star to be observed is reflected.





Now that most European rulers have opened the winter political season with speeches from the Throne, President Harrison reviews the policy of the UNITED STATES in his Message to Congress. The President reports most favourably on the general situation, both international and domestic. He lays particular stress on the satisfactory relations with Great Britain, all "Anglo-American difficulties being either in abeyance or amicably adjusted," while he further hopes that the troublesome Canadian Fishery question will soon be equitably settled, as little friction occurred during the past season. A new and enlarged Extradition Treaty with Great Britain is promised, and the President further touches lightly on the settlement of naturalisation disputes, the success of the Samoan Treaty, and the meeting of the Pan-American Congress, which he trusts will improve peace and commerce throughout the American continent. In home affairs the continued Treasury surplus is the most important item, being reckoned this year at nearly nine millions sterling. Few countries are perplexed by too much money, but in this case the surplus "is a disturbing element in business." As a pledged Protectionist, President Harrison cannot recommend solving the difficulty by remitting import duties, but he proposes that the tariff should be slightly revised, and that Congress should "consider how to reduce the receipts to the needs of the Government." Some of this superfluous money can be used for the increase of naval and coast defence, together with the improvement of the mercantile marine, while further national aid might also be afforded to education. The speech did not excite much enthusiasm in Congress, where the Republicans have elected their nominee—Mr. Thomas Reed—as Speaker. Indeed the American public care less about the Presidential Message than for the commercial disasters entailed by the recent fires in New England. Whilst Lynn was still counting the cost of her conflagration, which almost obliterated her business section, a tremendous fire broke out in the dry-goods and shoe quarter of Boston, caused apparently by the collision of a telegraph and an electric-light wire. In a few hours the flames extended over an acre and three-quarters, destroying massive so-called fire-proof buildings, which were too lofty to be reached by the firemen. Further, the flames arched over the narrow streets, and prevented the engines from approaching. Some two hundred commercial establishments were burnt out, together with one hundred agencies of New York and Western firms, the loss amounting to a million sterling. Many firemen were injured, but no deaths occurred, unlike the terrible succeeding calamity at Minneapolis. There the office of the *Tribune* newspaper caught fire, and at once blazed up like tinder, the flames cutting off the retreat of the men on the upper floors, as the building was eight storeys high. Some jumped out and were dashed to pieces, others were suffocated, and two men shot themselves, seeing their position hopeless. Twenty persons are supposed to have perished in the flames, including Professor Olsen, President of the South Dakota University, who was visiting a friend in the office. Finally a bakery was burnt down at Philadelphia, with the loss of five lives. The Cronin trial is still busy with the arguments of counsel for the defence, and the Maritime Conference is considering signals at sea.

Colonial enthusiasm still runs high in GERMANY, domestic affairs being quite put in the background by events in East Africa. Thanks to the details of Major Wissmann's successes, and the generally favourable accounts from the German Protectorate, the Government have obtained all the colonial credits required. Whilst appealing for the Supplementary Vote for the Wissmann Expedition, Count Herbert Bismarck announced that in all future actions Germany will follow the policy of going hand in hand with the English, and of energetically repressing slavery. He pointed out that the natives hailed Major Wissmann as their liberator from Arab tyranny, and were on most friendly terms with the Germans, so that trade will shortly be carried on in safety. The expedition marched back from Mpwapa to Bagamoyo in eleven days—half the time usually taken by caravans—which proves that Europeans suffer little from the climate when properly equipped and fed. Emperor William is specially delighted with these colonial successes, and has ordained extra rewards for the officers and men who have served in the East African blockade and at Samoa; whilst His Majesty and the Court attended in State some African *tableaux vivants* at Berlin, organised towards establishing a German hospital at Zanzibar. The unpleasant side of the colonial picture appears in fresh reports of Dr. Peters's death, which have again depressed his friends. Turning to home matters, Count von Moltke has been warmly congratulated on attaining the fiftieth anniversary of his investiture with the Ordre pour la Mérite. The Emperor gave a special Court banquet in his honour, and presented him with the Crown of the Order in diamonds, toasting the General as "the palladium of my subjects and the terror of my enemies." His Majesty has been shooting in Silesia, and goes to Darmstadt this week. The new Imperial Bank Bill has passed the Reichstag; and an important State trial has been held at Weimar, where a lawyer, Herr Harmering, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for libelling the Duke of Saxe-Coburg.

FRANCE is a trifle dull, her politics at present being of little outside interest. The Government has once more been defeated in the Chamber—this time over the employment of women for night work—but, as the dispute was not political, the Cabinet was not affected, beyond being indignant at again being put in the minority. The only other Parliamentary discussion of importance related to the recognition of the new Brazilian Republic. M. Spuller explaining that France merely maintained friendly relations with the Provisional Government until asked for formal recognition. The invalidation of the elections continues, and the Committee deputed to examine M. Joffrin's eligibility have at last resolved to recommend his election being accepted, after coming to several contradictory decisions. Whether this view will be taken by the House is doubtful, and the Boulangists, in readiness for a refusal, are going en masse to Jersey on the 15th inst. to consult with the General, who proposes to offer himself again for election if M. Joffrin is rejected. However, the Boulangists seem inclined to adopt more reasonable views, judging from the remarks of M. Déroulède at Champigny, where the party made a demonstration on the anniversary of the battle in which their leader was wounded in 1870. They avoided clashing with the Government manifestation which was held immediately afterwards. PARIS is experiencing sharp cold, which raises the skaters' hopes, but somewhat chilled the effect of the grand *fête* at the Paris Central Market, celebrating the introduction of the electric light. However, the Dames de la Halle welcomed the Minister of Public Works, and the whole market community danced nearly all night with much vigour.

The Anti-Slavery Conference in BELGIUM proceeds favourably, the Powers being agreed on the main principles of the action required, though they differ widely respecting the details. The Belgian Plenipotentiaries propose a lengthy programme of preventive measures, the most important items being that the Powers shall assist each other in the repression of the slave-trade, and that they may delegate this mission to private enterprise if necessary.

The committee for repressing slave-traffic on land are considering the establishment of stations in the interior, provided with a sufficient force of men to overcome the slave-hunters, while the right of search at sea arouses much conflicting opinion in the sub-committee. England suggests that ships of war belonging to civilised Powers should be allowed to search the native craft throughout the length of the East African coast—from the Persian Gulf to Madagascar. The rival claims of England and Portugal in the Zambesi district nearly caused serious trouble among the delegates, but the dispute was eventually settled amicably, although the Portuguese representatives still endeavour to bring forward their territorial rights, contrary to the rules of the Conference. They are only echoing public opinion in Lisbon, which has been roused by Lord Salisbury's despatch to assert warmly the national claims in Africa. The Portuguese Government have now issued a circular to the Powers justifying their action in the Zambesi region.

The ex-Emperor of BRAZIL is daily expected at Lisbon, having touched Portuguese territory on Sunday at Cape St. Vincent. Dom Pedro refused to discuss the Revolution, though he stated that he had been well treated throughout. Royal honours were paid to him at St. Vincent, and will be repeated at Lisbon, as Portugal has not yet recognised the Brazilian Republic, while King Charles is most anxious to entertain the Imperial Family in one of the Royal palaces, notwithstanding the ex-Emperor's wish to stay quietly at a hotel. No further details of the Revolution have been received, but it is generally acknowledged that Dom Pedro's rule had long been too lax and gentle to cope with the spread of Republican doctrines, while the unpopularity of the Comte and Comtesse d'Eu hastened the downfall of the Empire. So far, the new Brazilian Republic remains quiet enough, but slight symptoms of disturbance have appeared, such as the popular irritation at the Provisional Government restoring the old national flag.

In EASTERN EUROPE there seems little prospect of TURKEY honestly redressing Armenian grievances, judging by the example of Moussa Bey. That notorious Kurdish chief has been acquitted after a most partial trial, where the Public Prosecutor took the side of the accused, amid most distinct evidence of Moussa's cruelty. A second trial on fresh charges will follow in the spring, but the present verdict discourages all hopes of a fair hearing. Nor does the Porte deal more kindly with CRETE, for, though the Amnesty is on its way, it has not yet come into force, and the delay enables the Courts-Martial in the island to pronounce heavy sentences on the rebels—many of whom are safe in Greece. The Turkish troops and the Cretans continue on very bad terms, serious collisions occurring at Spakia. Further, Turkey is disputing with SERVIA over the expulsion from Vranja of two Ottoman subjects accused of being spies. Now that King Milan is safe in Paris, the Servian Cabinet have formally protested against the ex-King's outspoken criticisms on his late kingdom. They hint that if he does not moderate his language he will not be allowed to re-enter the country.

In INDIA Prince Albert Victor continues his round of sight-seeing with some slight monotony, the visits to each State and native ruler including the same programme of official reception, banquet and ball, or laying some foundation-stone, with the alternative of a review. The Prince, however, much enjoyed the elephant hunting in Mysore, although he narrowly escaped injury from an infuriated elephant, which was frightened away only just in time by Colonel Sanderson. After visiting Bangalore Prince Albert Victor went to Tinnevely and to Travancore for some big-game shooting. Great preparations are being made for his reception at Calcutta, where the Viceroy has now returned from his frontier tour, stopping on the way at Lahore to advocate raising the educational standard. Now that the cool weather has begun, the various military expeditions in BURMA are setting out. The Southern column of the Chin expedition will shortly cross the frontier to meet the Lushai column at Hoka, and will first enter the territory of the Bonthes, famous head-hunters. Major Raikes has interviewed the heads of the Tashon Chip tribes to clear the way for the British troops, who are thoroughly to survey the country, besides exacting compensation for all outrages. The Bhamo Expedition against the Kachyens leaves this week, and the dacoits are being hunted with fresh activity. Survey parties will also be despatched to consider the practicability of two important railways, running westward to the Chindwin River, and eastward to the Shan States.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The financial situation in ITALY is most unfavourable, the Budget just presented showing a considerable deficit. The towns are as poor as the Government, notably Rome, and present appearances do not confirm the favourable view of industrial prosperity taken in the King's recent speech.—AUSTRIA promises a fair surplus in her Budget, brought forward at the opening of the Reichsrath on Tuesday.—Parliamentary disorder reigns supreme in HUNGARY, and the unseemly attacks on M. Tisza in the Diet have turned public opinion in favour of the Premier. The Ministerial party wish to reform the rules of debate to prevent these disgraceful scenes, while M. Tisza announces that he does not intend to resign, despite all opposition. The Bohemian Diet has been nearly as excited over the memory of John Huss, and a regular propaganda is being carried on to erect monuments to the martyred Reformer.—In EGYPT the Government have decided to allow trade with the Sudan, arms and grain excepted.—The scheme of Australian Federation grows apace. NEW SOUTH WALES accepts the Victorian Premier's suggestion of meeting the members of the Federal Council to discuss the question, Sir H. Parkes, however, desiring that the meeting should be informal, and simply a preliminary consultation. He still thinks that any representatives of a body authorised to discuss the Unification of the Colonies should be elected by the several Australian Parliaments, and repeats that he is not responsible for New South Wales holding aloof from the Federal Council. Public opinion, says the Premier, shows that the time is ripe for laying wide and deep the foundations of a new structure of Government.—The new Governor of VICTORIA, Lord Hopetoun, has reached Melbourne.—In SOUTH AFRICA, the chief white colonists in Swaziland have met the Commissioners, and agreed to appoint a committee of five to represent their interests, the committee to be elected by a mass meeting on the 16th inst. Mr. Shepstone seems to possess the entire confidence of the Swazis, and has introduced Sir F. de Winton and the Transvaal Commissioners to the head chiefs, informing the delegates that the nation will not agree to any settlement depriving them of independence.



THE QUEEN leaves Windsor on the 18th inst. to spend Christmas at Osborne. On the previous Saturday there will be the usual family gathering at the Castle for the annual Service in memory of the Prince Consort and Princess Alice on the anniversary of their deaths. Meanwhile, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh have been staying with Her Majesty, the Duchess remaining until Monday, while the Duke left a few days earlier. On Saturday the Duc de Nemours lunched with the Queen, and Bishop Barry and Sir W. Jenner joined the Royal party at dinner. Next morning

Her Majesty and the Princesses attended Divine Service in the private chapel, where Bishop Barry preached, the Bishop, with the Dean of Windsor, again dining with the Queen in the evening. The Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord Ashbourne, and Sir A. Hardinge were Her Majesty's guests on Monday, while on Tuesday the Queen entertained Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, the Duke and Duchess of Teck, with Princess Victoria and Prince Francis, and Lord and Lady Zetland. Princess Beatrice visited Reading to open a bazaar in aid of the restoration of Holy Trinity Church.

The Prince and Princess of Wales are entertaining their first house-party at Sandringham this season. The Prince came up to town at the end of last week to see the Duke of Edinburgh, who subsequently went down to Sandringham to stay. Sunday was the Princess of Wales' forty-fifth birthday, and although all festivities were deferred till Monday, the Duke and Duchess of Fife spent the day with the Royal party, and accompanied them to the morning Service at St. Mary Magdalen, where Canon Dalton preached. On Monday the bells were rung and salutes fired in honour of the Princess, and the children on the Royal estate had their annual tea in the Mews, the Prince and Princess and family being present. The Duchess of Edinburgh, the Comte and Comtesse de Paris, with Princess Hélène, the Duc de Chartres, and other guests arrived during the day, and the Princes, with the gentlemen of the party, have since been shooting over the Sandringham preserves, the ladies generally joining the sportsmen at lunch. Last (Friday) night the Prince and Princess would give their annual County Ball, and the party breaks up to-day (Saturday). The Prince leaves on Monday for Easton Lodge, Dunmow, to stay with Lord and Lady Brooke, and, with the Princess, will go to Windsor at the end of the week.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh spend next week with Mr. and Mrs. Tyssen-Amherst at Didlington Hall, Norfolk. They return to Coburg on the 18th inst.—Princess Louise has opened the Kensington Central Public Library. On Tuesday she presided over the Christmas Sale of the Ladies' Work Society, of which she is the head, and witnessed the wedding of Miss Maria Keppel and Lieutenant Hamilton.—The Duchess of Albany on Saturday distributed the medals and certificates to the successful students belonging to the Polytechnic classes of the St John's Ambulance Association.—Prince Henry of Battenberg has gone to Corfu, after spending a few days at Vienna.



DEATH OF MR. FREDERIC CLAY.—The death of Mr. F. Clay, after a long and wearisome illness, will be lamented by the melody-loving public, although his many friends cannot but look upon it in the light of a happy release from the affliction under which he suffered. It will be recollected that Mr. Clay in the height of his popularity, and apparently in the best of health, was, six years ago, stricken down in the streets of London with paralysis. The stroke fell upon him on the night following the production of *The Golden Ring* in 1883, when, while actually conversing with his collaborator Mr. Sims about the favourable Press notices, he reeled, and fell into his friend's arms. For years he lay practically speechless, and a brief pencilled note from time to time addressed to his intimates was his only communication with the outer world. Last Sunday week he died, and on Friday of last week, in the presence of a small assemblage of friends, including Sir Arthur Sullivan, Mr. Bancroft, and others, there were laid in the catacombs at Brompton the mortal remains of one who, by his talent, and kindness of heart, had won the affection of all who had ever been brought into business or social relations with him. Frederic Clay was born in Paris on August 3, 1838, and was a pupil for music of Molique and Hauptmann. In early years he was a clerk in the Treasury Department, and was employed in many a delicate and confidential mission by Mr. Gladstone. He afterwards became private secretary to Lord Beaconsfield, but finally forsook political life for music. His compositions were mostly of a light and lyrical character, his genius not being suited to more dramatic music. Among his twelve comic operas, or operettas, the best known are the two he wrote in association with Mr. Gilbert, that is to say, *Agnes Ago*, for the old Gallery of Illustration in 1869, and *The Princess Toto* in 1875. *Happy Arcadia* and *Don Quixote* likewise contained some excellent music, while *Lalla Rookh*, composed for the Brighton Festival of 1877, will be recollected if only because it contained that ear-haunting melody, "I'll sing thee songs of Araby," which, in its way, has already become a song-classic. In 1883 Mr. Clay wrote in collaboration with Mr. G. R. Sims, the comic opera *The Merry Duchess*, for the Royalty, and *The Golden Ring* for the Alhambra. Mr. Clay's many beautiful songs are known in every drawing-room. "She wandered down the mountain-side," "Long Ago," and "The Sands of Dee" are among the most refined and melodious ballads in the whole repertoire. Mr. Clay was indeed remarkable amongst his contemporaries for his wonderful gift of melody. He likewise had a strong sense of humour, and those privileged to know them in private life will recollect with pleasure the burlesque duets which he and Sir Arthur Sullivan used to improvise on the pianoforte, to the delight of all who heard them.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—Sir Arthur Sullivan's incidental music, written for the performance of *Macbeth* at the Lyceum Theatre last year, was given for the first time in a London concert-room at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. The overture, which contains many themes subsequently used to emphasise situations in the tragedy, was admirably performed by Mr. Manns' orchestra. The programme also included selections from *Euryanthe*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Henschel took part, Brahms' Symphony in D, and Mr. Hamish McCunn's *Ship o' the Fiend*.—The name of the young German composer, Herr Richard Strauss, who has recently gained high reputation in Germany, appeared for the first time in a London orchestral programme at the Symphony Concert last week. Unfortunately, the two movements given from the Symphonic Phantasy, *Aus Italien*, were written when Herr Strauss was a boy of eighteen, and the music is of that pretentious and almost unintelligible character of which promising young composers of that age have already given us many awful examples. The two movements are intended to depict life "On the Campagna" and "On the Shore at Sorrento," while two other movements, headed respectively "In Rome's Ruins" and "Neapolitan Popular Life," were omitted by Mr. Henschel. The programme also included Schumann's Symphony in D Minor, which would have gone better for another rehearsal, and Brahms' Variations on a theme by Haydn.—On Wednesday the Westminster Orchestra, an Association in which the firm of Messrs. Broadwood take considerable interest, gave a concert, at which a Haydn symphony, Weber's *Concertstück*, played by Miss Josephine Lawrence, and other works were announced.

ORATORIO PERFORMANCES.—*Elijah* was given last Wednesday for the only time at St. James's Hall this year. The performance by a scratch orchestra and chorus, and on behalf of the Royal Society of Musicians, should be exempt from criticism. Its best features were the singing of Mr. Watkin Mills of the music of the prophet, and of Misses Anna Williams and Hilda Wilson.—On Monday the Highbury Philharmonic Society announced a performance of Dr. Parry's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day* and Sullivan's *Golden Legend*.—



LONDON MORTALITY increased again last week. The death numbered 1,448 against 1,376 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 72, although 286 below the average, while the death rate went up to 17.4 per 1,000. The fatal cases of scarlet-fever advanced to 19 (an increase of 2), but while the mortality is low the epidemic continues high, 1,829 patients being under treatment in the London Hospitals at the end of last week. Diphtheria also increased again—33 fatalities being recorded—an advance of 3.





THROUGH THE RANCHING COUNTRY WITH THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE—WATER BY THE WAY  
A TOUR WITH THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OVER THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY  
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS



A SUMMER JAUNT IN HOLLAND IN A "DOG" CART



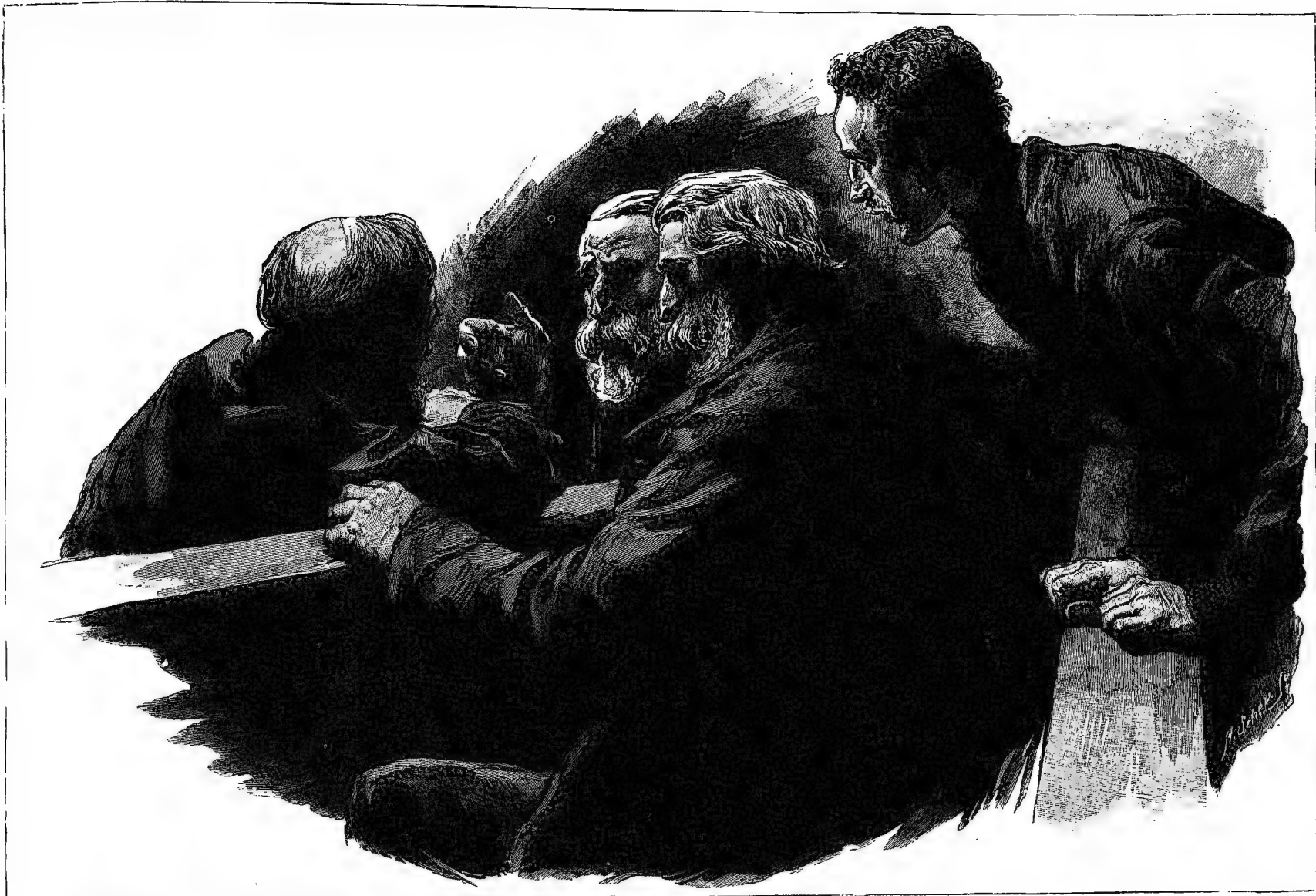
THE BAKER GOING HIS ROUNDS



A MILK CART

THE USE OF DOGS IN HOLLAND FOR LIGHT TRAFFIC





A GROUP OF "SALTS" WAITING FOR THE VERDICT



A PASSAGE OF ARMS—THE JUDGE QUESTIONING THE LOGIC OF COUNSEL

SKETCHES IN THE ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE—ADMIRALTY COURT



## THE MARTIN MEMORIAL

OUR readers will remember the brutal murder which was committed on Sunday, February 3rd, at Derrybeg Chapel, near Gweedore. District-Inspector Martin had been sent with a small body of police to arrest Father James McFadden on a charge under the Crimes Act. After the service, the people did not, as usual, disperse, but remained about the chapel-yard. The chapel-door was then locked, but, after three men had gone from the chapel-yard to see if the coast was clear, the chapel-door was opened, and Mr. McFadden came out. He was arrested, after which he broke away. A terrible struggle up the pathway took place, and Mr. Martin had regained possession of his prisoner, when he received from behind a crushing blow on the back of his head. It sounded

dock with a score or more of tall eucalyptus trees. There are hogs and dogs and poultry in the paddock—for the most part fast asleep in the noonday sunshine. Behind the paddock are the houses in question. Then comes the spacious green plain, and the superb cliff of Monte Pollino, rising nearly 8,000 feet directly from the plain, closes the view in the south, with its attendant limestone peaks of the southern Apennines. There could hardly be found in the world a bolder mountain than this of Pollino, or one that better shows its inches. It alone seems to justify the Sybarites in their choice of a building location.

These little houses were not without entertainment. They were the humblest conceivable of *trattorie*, or eating-houses; so humble, indeed, that even in this cheap land, where money has large purchasing power, their proprietors found it necessary to combine other callings with that of caterer for the stomach of the public. This explained the stitching and cobbling that was in progress at the doors of the houses. The hosts made boots and breeches, while their wives supplied the rare guest with the wine of the country. For threepence it was here possible to dine in the Calabrian mode upon a jug of hearty liquor, an immense piece of rye-bread, and a dish of raw beans. Not a meal to suit a northerner, but a banquet to the Calabrian peasant. While the hungry traveller feasts in such a guise, the sated play cards on little tables set in the shade by the cobbling or stitching landlord. There is also much gossip and a power of song. Life is easy enough at Sibari to-day, though it lacks nearly every constituent part of the earlier life of Sybaris.

Each of these little one-storied houses, with a rugged floor of the native soil, has a room set apart for beds. Perhaps the train from Cosenza (the terminus of the little by-line from the coast into the mountains of Calabria) refuses to come to the aid of the travellers who await it at Sibari, and there is nothing for them to do except sleep. Hence these various beds placed side by side, with shrewd regard for space. A night's rest here costs only twopenny half-penny; and the houses are so near the station that at a word you may go from the sheets to the ticket-office, and catch the train, be it ever so prompt at parting.

But, for my part, I had rather saunter through a southern night, under southern stars, and with the flashing of the fire-flies round about me for lamps, than hazard my skin in a hovel of this kind. That is the worst of these warm lands of "scenic witchery." Though the sun bids you be tranquil, you have no chance of true and perfect rest. It is either fleas, flies, or ants; one or other of these active agents is sure to be told off to afflict you; and you may know at a glance which of the three has the freest welcome in a house of this kind.

It was evening when I left Sibari. Its fairer features had had time to stamp themselves indelibly in my mind. Our engine bore the curious, but not wholly inapt, name of "Diodorus Siculus." I had earlier in the day been drawn by the "Milo." It is pleasant to reflect that engineers and the directors of railway companies have some sort of regard for the traditions of the lands they traverse.

Over so level a tract, we could not but speed famously on our way towards the seaboard in the Gulf of Taranto. A lovelier or more soothing landscape than that of the plain of Sibari under the paling glow of evening could not easily be imagined. It was peace writ large. The hot haze of the earlier hours had vanished, and while the broad acres of ripened green were coloured with gold, the great rock of Pollino and its lesser crags were purple as a grape. And thus we left them, ere their transfiguration had yielded to the more sombre shades of night.

C. E.

## THE CREMATORIUM AT WOKING

THE buildings of the Cremation Society of England, St. John's, Knaphill, near Woking, are very picturesquely situated, and are almost concealed by trees. The chapel, to which is attached a comfortably-furnished waiting-room, is forty-eight feet long, and about twenty-four feet broad, and is provided with a furnace for public use, and a private crematorium, erected by the Duke of Bedford for his own exclusive use. The arrangements are such that the persons attending the ceremony neither see nor hear anything of the process in the furnace-chambers. At the concluding words of the funeral service the doors at the head of the bier are opened. These lead to a passage, the end of which is concealed by blind tracery. The

the late Mr. Whelan Boyle, the editor of the *Daily Chronicle*, who remains were cremated on the 16th ult., and deposited two days later in the vaults at Highgate Cemetery.—For the drawings, from which our illustrations are taken, we are indebted to Mr. E. F. Clarke, the Architect of the Society.

## SARDINES

"No," said a late eminent naturalist and well-known inspector of fisheries, to a gentleman asking information about the sardine. "No, I cannot give you an off-hand reply; like many other questions addressed to me, yours is one of those which it is much easier to ask than to answer, but as regards the fish in the box we have examined, in my opinion they are immature pilchards; if so, it bears out Yarrell's idea of the pilchard being the sardine of commerce. Our own sprats, it is almost certain, might in time become quite as valuable as French sardines if similarly treated and made up for sale in dainty boxes like this one, the contents of which we have been discussing."

What a happy circumstance it would be if the expression of opinion just recorded should prove prophetic, and that in the course of a year to two we might find established, on various parts of our sea-board, an extensive and profitable cure of sprats. At present, although in most seasons wonderfully abundant, these tiny but toothsome fish do not reach our markets in such quantities as are desirable, because of the places where they are captured being situated at considerable distances from populous towns and cities, whilst the rates exacted for the carriage of fresh fish are so high as to cripple sprat-fishers in their endeavours to dispose of their piscine spoils at a profit. Sprats sent, for instance, from Inverness to London, have been known not to fetch more money at Billingsgate than served to pay the cost of transit and the commission charged by the salesmen. Under such circumstances, it is surprising that some of those interested in fishery matters have not yet turned their attention to sprats and young herrings, which are often caught in the same net, with a view to the establishment of a curing industry *à la Française*. Beginnings in sprat-curing have been made on the English coast, but so far as the writer knows, no details have been published of the amount or degree of success obtained.

As an incitement to exertion in the direction indicated, it may be stated that what has been so well done for so many years in France has been successfully imitated in America, where a very profitable mode of curing small herrings has for some years been carried on. French sardines were at one time largely consumed in the United States, the fisher folks and the merchants of which had watched the growth of the industry with a feeling somewhat akin to jealousy, having seen the sardine trade of France increase from small beginnings till it had developed into an important branch of commerce. The sardine industry of America, which has attained great dimensions, began in a small way by the preparation of what are called "Rooshians," small herrings caught and cured in Norway by the use of spices and then pickled in vinegar. These sardines had reached the United States *via* Germany, and were always purchased with avidity in America till the occurrence of the Franco-German War led to the export being stopped for a time. Then the "Russians" were so greatly missed that plans were at once entered upon to produce a similar article in connection with the American fisheries, but much prejudice had to be overcome before the home-cured "Russians" found a ready market. Ultimately, however, a trade was established, and the imports from the re-opened ports discontinued.

The success which attended the manufacture of "Russians" speedily attracted the attention of the more enterprising spirits among the American fish dealers, who at once began the cure of small herrings in oil in the mode of the French sardines, the value of these fish for "canning" purposes being estimated at a high figure; the initial difficulty, as is usual in all new industries, was how to manipulate the fish so well as to create a demand for them in the face of the French article which had always met a ready sale throughout the United States.

Those who most interested themselves in the formation of an American sardine industry visited Europe in order to study on the coast of France how the fish were cured; the *modus operandi* in all its stages having been carefully noted, and plans of the requisite machinery having been obtained, operations were begun in the States

as though a man had driven his foot through a piece of board. Mr. Martin fell senseless, and was set on by the mob, by whom he was clubbed and stoned to death. He left a wife and family, for whom much sympathy was felt. A fund was raised for them by the exertions of Henry Stubbs, Esq., J.P., of Ballyshannon, which amounted to 279*l.* 15*s.* 3*d.*, and we are glad to say that a few days ago an additional sum of 4,000*l.*, levied on the ratepayers of the county, was placed in trust for the victims of this cruel bereavement. Above we give an engraving of the brass tablet which is to be placed in the Parish Church of St. Anne's, Kilbarron, Ballyshannon, in memory of the Inspector. The work has been executed by Mr. Mathews, 19, Castle Street East, Oxford Street.

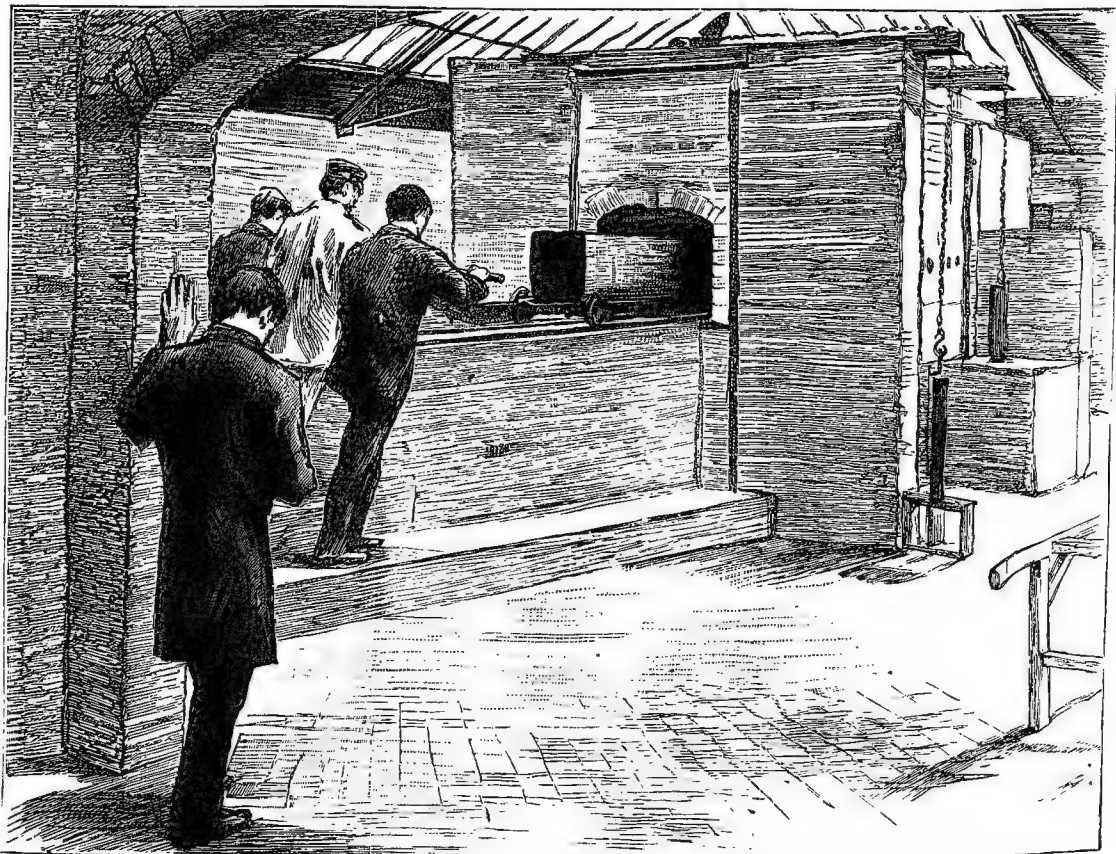
## BY SYBARIS

THE Sybaris of old is now little more than a name, and a railway-station. Its temples and baths have vanished, like its inhabitants, their Tyrian purple and fine linen, and the delightful dinners which helped to give it its celebrity for luxuriousness. There is nothing left, except the site, and the landscape which charmed the eyes of the old Sybarites. Even these are not above suspicion. For the former is somewhat conjectural. And in a land so harassed and shattered by earthquakes, it is impossible to say with absolute assurance that the mountains and plains of to-day are the same as the mountains and plains of some two thousand odd hundred years ago.

The "buffet" of the railway-station of Sibari (the modern form of Sybaris), would not have greatly tempted the accomplished epicure of the ancient city. And yet it is not despicable, for southern Italy, and considering that this is only a wayside station. Town in sight there is none. Far to the north, east, and west, stretches the plain that was, and is, of proverbial fertility. Its oats and rye would do credit to Old England in a year of plenty. Higher praise for the cereals of a hot land need not be tendered. But there is much else besides oats, and, not least, the wine of Sibari. This is genuinely good liquor, and it costs but a penny the tumbler-full. While I tarry for a couple of hours at the little station, in company with some fifty other travellers of all sorts and conditions, there is brisk traffic in this deserving wine. It, more than aught else, is suggestive of the past days of the Sybarites.

The defect of the land is the scarcity of water, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the river Crati; and there, also, in summer, which, in the hot south, would dry up the very sea but for its aqueous reinforcements from the cooler north. On this little branch line from Buffalora, on the main track between Metaponto and Reggio, water is sold in stone bottles as if it were ginger-beer. Wine is a commoner commodity. And yet this precious fluid, which the passengers gulp down so eagerly, is as soft as butter, abominably tepid, and of a colour that it would try the patience of an oil and colourman to match in his warehouse. Of its unhealthiness, there is no need to speak. The land is racked with malaria from spring to autumn; and, out of question, the water is at the bottom of it. It is probable enough there was plenty of fever here in the old days; but the Sybarites, with the blood of Greece in their veins, were less likely to be plagued by it than the meagre, half-starved, poorer Calabrians, whose fate it is to live here in their little thatched houses. To the ancients, a touch of the fever was probably as beneficial as a cathartic; to the moderns of Sibari, it is death, more or less speedy.

All of human suggestion that I could discover by Sibari, during my tarrying here, lay in the three or four little houses which nestled near the railway station. The station house is large, even stately, and with some beds of bright geraniums which bloom perennially round about it in this mild latitude. Behind this mansion is a pad-



coffin is deposited upon a small iron railway, and is then, as shown in the accompanying engraving, quietly rolled into the cremating-chamber, which is heated from the other end outside the main building. The incineration over, the ashes are reverently swept from the floor of the chamber into an urn, or whatever receptacle may be prepared by the relations, and are either deposited in suitable niches provided in the chapel, or taken away and buried in the ordinary manner. This was the mode adopted in the case of the

immediately on the arrival of the investigating party. Not, however, till many failures had occurred did the small herring of America make its *début* as a sardine. Imitation of the French "get-up" had to be resorted to, in order to propitiate those dealers who agreed to sell them, and in time the new curing industry grew into a big trade. It became known at the taking of the Census of the United States a few years ago that nearly thirty establishments were engaged in the preparation of sardines, and



that over seven millions of small herrings were annually required to supply the demand—the value of the whole being about eight hundred thousand dollars. Probably the American trade in these home-made herrings is now much larger, but no recent statistics have been issued.

What has been done in the United States might surely be accomplished in Great Britain. Of the French sardine industry many facts of figures of official value are from time to time made public. The demand is enormous. As many as five millions of the well-known boxes have been sold throughout France in seasons when the fish were plentiful, and a much greater number has been in some years exported to other countries, but unfortunately the so-called sardines of the French coasts are occasionally the reverse of plentiful, so that the supplies of the cured fish during the last seven years have been somewhat intermittent. An elaborate official report was recently made on the disappearance of the fish about which, during late years, there has been much controversy. It has been maintained by one or two economists that the sardine of Concarneau (one of the French curing-stations) is undoubtedly the young pilchard, with which fish it has certainly much in common, the dorsal fin in both fishes being, at any rate, the centre of gravity, which is not so in the case of the herring and its congener, the sprat. Many of the boxes sold as containing French sardines only have been found filled with young herrings, and also sprats. At the present time there has been placed on the English markets plentiful consignments of herring-tails done up in the usual sardine fashion, and prepared in the same way as the genuine fish! It is not, of course, till the boxes have been opened that such substitutions can be detected, and probably dealers who are selling the spurious article are not aware of what they are doing, but persons purchasing sardines ought to insist on getting the article they are paying for.

Many workers in all departments are engaged in France in preparing the sardine for consumption, from the men who capture the fish to the women who do up the boxes in which they are packed. Visitors to Concarneau cannot fail to have observed the various incidents connected with the sardine harvest and curing industry, in which more than twenty thousand persons find employment. Curers do not bargain beforehand for the fish they require, but buy from day to day to suit their requirements. When a supply of fish is wanted the fact is denoted by the hoisting of a flag on the establishment desirous of purchasing, and whenever that signal is seen the fisher-folks are ready to sell at a price which varies according to the fortunes of the fishery—when fish are scarce prices rise, when they are plentiful prices fall as a matter of course.

The cure is effected in the following fashion: as soon as the fish are purchased they are delivered, and at once put in train—that is to say, they are first of all deprived of their intestinal matter, after which their heads are chopped off; next, they are assorted in sizes, and then carefully washed in sea-water. These operations are all performed by women, who get through them with wonderful dexterity. They are paid from ten to twenty francs a week, according to ability. The cure embraces the drying of the fish upon nets or wicker-work frames arranged for the purpose. This, when it is possible, is accomplished in the open air; if, however, the weather should prove unsuitable, the fish are dried under cover. Being gathered up, the sardines are next placed on gratings of wire preparatory to being plunged into a large pan full of boiling oil—the finest brands only of olive oil are used by those who have a reputation for their cures. The fish are kept in the pan of oil for a brief space till, in the judgment of the chef, they are cooked. After being "dripped," they are then ready to be packed in the dainty boxes in which they reach the consuming public, the boxes are carefully filled up with the oil, and, being hermetically sealed, are then boiled in a steam-chest. All are tested before being offered for sale, many being condemned; the perfection of the cure is known by the outward bulging of the boxes; finally, each tin being polished and labelled the fish are then at the command of those who wish to purchase them.

J. G. B.



**THE TURF.**—Owing to the frost, the steeple-chasing season has hardly got fairly under way yet. However, there was some fair sport both at Croydon and Leicester last week. At the Surrey meeting the principal events were the Grand National Hurdle Race, secured by Silver Sea, with Battle Royal second, and the Great Metropolitan Steeplechase, in which Battle Royal did not compete, and which was won by Gamecock. Coronet won the November Hunters' Steeplechase, and other well known horses which were successful at the meeting were Halmi and Londoner. Snapper secured the Leicester Handicap Hurdle Race at the Midland meeting, and Helen Davis won one race, and walked over for another; but for the most part the competitors here were not of very high class.

Owing to the success of Donovan, whose seven races were worth £9,000, Galopin easily heads the list of winning stallions. His progeny have won 43,000. Ayrshire has been the chief contributor to the 35,000 which puts Hampton second in the list. Galopin sees his glories repeated in St. Simon, whose two comely daughters, Signorina and Semolina, have been mainly instrumental in bringing his total up to 24,000. Isonomy's children have won 20,000, more than half of which is attributable to Riviera's successes; and other sires whose winnings go into five figures are Springfield, the ever-green Hermit, Wisdom, and Mask.

**CRICKET.**—The English cricketers made an excellent debut in Ceylon against an eleven of the island. The home team batted first, and ran up the respectable total of 155. But the visitors replied with 381, to which Mr. Vernon contributed 158, and Mr. Murray, a substitute, and a very good substitute, too, 92, and as the Cingalese could only make 118 in their second innings, England won by an innings and 108 runs.—The Cricket County Council won by some important business before them on Monday in the proposals made by Lord Harris as to the reception of visiting teams, by Derbyshire regarding "imported" players, and by Durham and Warwickshire with reference to the classification of counties.—Mr. H. Pigg for the South Saxons had an uncommonly good season. He had a batting average of 46 for 25 completed innings, and took 11 wickets at a cost of three runs apiece. A useful cricketer is Mr. C. A. Pigg.—We are glad to hear that another useful cricketer, Mr. C. A. Smith, late captain of Sussex, is not dead, as was reported from the Cape. He has been very seriously ill, but his many friends in England will be relieved to know that "Round the Corner" Smith has now rounded the corner, and is well on the road to recovery.

**FOOTBALL.**—The Rugby game claims most attention this week. Middlesex have administered a smart beating to Surrey, and both the Universities have succumbed—Cambridge to London Scottish, Oxford to the Harlequins; but the Dark Blues have revenged themselves on Midland Counties for the drubbing received last year. The match of the year, however, was that played on Saturday between Richmond and Blackheath. The clubs had previously met thirty-eight times. Seventeen drawn matches were played, Blackheath had won on thirteen, and Richmond on eight occasions.

Richmond have improved on their poor form of last season, but, nevertheless, it was thought that Blackheath would once more prove too strong. Not so, however. Richmond held the upper hand throughout in a very close match, and when Gould gained for them the only try of the match the victory was well-deserved.—Of Association matches we may mention the victory of Sussex over Middlesex, the drawn game between London and the Combined Universities, the defeat of Old St. Mark's by Old Westminsters in the London Cup Tie left drawn on the previous Saturday, and the success in League matches of Preston North End, Blackburn Rovers, and Accrington over Bromley, West Bromwich Albion, and Aston Villa respectively.

**BILLIARDS.**—Taylor easily defeated North last week—the Welsh champion showing very unequal form—and on the strength of his victory issued a challenge to the world (bar Roberts) to play him, spot-barred, 10,000 up. This was promptly accepted by Peall, and also by McNeil, who is evidently not much dismayed by the tremendous beating which Roberts gave him last week. This week the champion is playing North, while at the Aquarium Peall and Taylor are the contestants.

**MISCELLANEOUS.**—Sid Thomas did a fine performance at the Manhattan A.C., New York, on Saturday, when, on an inferior track, he ran fifteen miles in 1 hour 27 min. 11 3-5th secs. (American record).—Oxford and Cambridge met across country on Monday. The Dark Blues provided the first three men in, and so won easily.—There was a commendable rapidity about the wrestling match just decided at the Aquarium. M. Lacasse, the manager of the strong men and wrestlers now at the Aquarium, had issued a challenge to the world on behalf of Eugène Bazin. On Thursday last week, the well-known Tom Cannon (not to be confounded with the jockey—he weighs nearly fifteen stone) accepted the challenge, on Friday the details were arranged, and on Monday night the contest came off, with the result that the Frenchman was defeated.

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**CHARLES MICHEL, ABBÉ DE L'ÉPÉE**

WHILE isolated attempts have been made at long intervals to give instruction to deaf mutes, little or no practical result was obtained in the work of educating these "children of silence" before the seventeenth century.

In 1620 Juan Paulo Bouet, a Benedictine monk, published a work on this subject which contains a manual alphabet almost identical with the one-handed alphabet now in common use in Europe and in America. This book was of great assistance to De L'Épée, who was the first to recognise the acceptability of signs for conversation, rather than teaching, and so to establish them as a language. Born at Versailles, November 25th, 1712, the



Abbé in 1765 began to occupy himself with the education of two deaf and dumb sisters, and, his attempts being crowned with success, he determined to devote his life to enabling persons similarly afflicted to hold intercourse with their fellow creatures. Not only did he invent the "deaf and dumb" alphabet, but, in 1771, he, at his own expense, founded a free school in which to teach his system. This was afterwards converted into a public institution, and received an annual subsidy from the State.

One hundred years having elapsed since the Abbé's death, it is proposed to hold a great demonstration at his tomb in St. Roch, and a petition will be made to the French Government to allow his remains to be transferred to the Panthéon, Paris.—Our portrait is from an old French print.

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**Magazines**

I.

SIR JULIUS VOGEL, K.C.M.G., who was formerly Premier of New Zealand, opens the *Nineteenth Century* with an article headed, "Is It Open to the Colonies to Secede?" If the whole subject, he observes, could be dispassionately considered by the master minds of the various Dominions, the advantages of Federation would be as apparent as the danger of allowing the relations of the component parts of the Empire to drift as at present. "Sadly small occurrences," he concludes, "under existing circumstances, might lead to a conflagration which would rend the Empire to its centre, and make a cordial and sympathetic union impossible."—Of one form of oppression in the dominions of the Czar, we have the story told by the Rev. C. H. Wright, D.D., entitled "Stamping Out Protestantism in Russia."—Noticeable articles are "The Dreadful Revival of Leprosy," by Sir Morell Mackenzie, and "The Awakening of Persia," by Mr. E. F. G. Law (Commercial Attaché at Teheran). With reference to this last, we may observe that the pages of the Reviews offer a good field for our Consuls abroad, the fruits of whose special information is else buried in generally unread Consular Reports.—Mr. Gladstone, in "Electoral Facts of To-Day," derives apparent pleasure in

playing with by-election figures in the straightforward and ingenuous fashion which has won him the respect of judicious people with the faculty of independent perception for humbug in *excessis*.

As labour is the question of the hour, considerable importance attaches to two articles in the *Contemporary*, one by Mr. Robert Giffen on the "Gross and Net Increase of Rising Wages," the other by Mr. Sidney Webb on "The Limitation of the Hours of Labour." Apart from the admitted improvement in the condition of the working-class now going on, it is well to bear in mind a fact emphasised by Mr. Giffen. A class may continue to exist, and even increase, in the midst of our civilisation, possibly not a large class in proportion, but still a considerable class, who are out of the improvement altogether, who are capable of nothing but the rudest labour, and who have neither the moral nor the mental qualities fitted for the strain of modern society. On the other side, the existence of what may be called a barbarian class among the capitalist classes, living in idle luxury, and not bearing the burden of society in any way, seems also a danger.—Interesting, too, are Sir T. William Dawson on "The Deluge—Biblical and Geological," and Professor Sayce on "Ancient Arabia."—Other contributors are Mr. Robert Buchanan on "The Modern Drama and Its Minor Critics," and Professor Thorold Rogers on "Oxford Professors and Oxford Tutors."

Wild West desolateness and a ghost make up the theme of Mr. Bret Harte's "The Station-Master of Lone Prairie" contributed to the *New Review*.—

An empty bench, a sky of greyst etching,  
A bare, bleak shed in blackest silhouette,  
Twelve yards of platform, and beyond them stretching  
Twelve miles of prairie glimmering through the wet.

Here waiting for the train, the poet has a chat with the dead station-master.—Well worth reading are "A Socialist Liberal" and "A Liberal Conservative" on "Mr. Morley and the New Radicalism."—Professor Max Müller writes on "What to do With Our Old People." There is a time to be young and a time to be old, he tells us with some approach to platitude. Our modern society is out of gear because the lesson of nature is not obeyed. To die in harness has become the ideal of almost every old man. But what might be the right ideal for a cab-horse is not necessarily the right ideal for a human being.

Murray opens with "Russia in Central Asia," by Sir Richard Temple, Bart., who shows how immensely recent advances and the completion of the Caspian-Samarcand railway have strengthened the power of the Czar to act aggressively against India.—"An International Census of Hallucinations" is the congenial subject dealt with by Mr. F. W. H. Myers. An invitation with this object in view has been issued by a group of men, the International Congress of Experimental Psychology lately held in Paris under the headship of Professors Charcot, Ribot, Richey, &c. Mr. Myers urges as a motive for aiding this inquiry that thus light may be shed on the deepest problems which can occupy mankind.—With reference to the question of national defence, there is matter for intelligent reflection in S. E. F. H. Du Cane's "Fleets and Forts."—Mrs. Kendal's "Dramatic Opinions" come to a conclusion.

Mrs. E. Lynn Linton has one of her characteristically bright papers in the *Universal Review* on "The Ethics of Friendship."—Most interesting, perhaps, is "A Reminiscence of De Quincey," by C. Rae-Brown. He relates how a most important article of De Quincey's was only partially set up at the offices of the *Mail and Tatler* on the day when they had to go to press. Frequent inquiries at the great essayist's lodgings being productive of no result, Mr. Rae-Brown went there. "I found," he says, "on entering De Quincey's room, that he was either uncommonly soundly asleep or in a state of stupor. He lay stretched out on the hearthrug before the parlour fire-grate, clad in an old dressing-gown, with no stockings on the feet, merely a pair of thin loose slippers over his toes."

The side of United States existence which appeals to our perception of the comical is amusingly treated in *Temple Bar* by Mr. Arthur Montefiore, under the heading "Among the Americans."—"Jacqueline de Laguerre" is the personality whose striking career is briefly and vividly portrayed in this month's portion of "The Romance of History" Series.—A critical and biographical essay on "Lord Chesterfield" is well done.

Sir George Baden-Powell, M.P., discusses "The L. S. D. of Home Rule" in the *National Review*. The financial effects of the experiment desired by Mr. Gladstone would be increase in public expenditure and in the burdens of taxation; a shifting of those burdens from the wealthy to the poor; a loss of all elasticity in revenue, and of borrowing powers at low rates of interest.—Mr. T. E. Kebbel tells us something of his proficiency as a sportsman in "The Early Pheasants;" while Mrs. Jeune may be read on "Women of To-day, Yesterday, and To-morrow."

In the *Atlantic Monthly* Mr. H. Van Brunt has a paper on "Architecture of the West," in which he tells of the difficulties Western architects have to struggle against.—Mr. E. L. Bynner writes of "The Old Bunch of Grapes" Tavern, one of the most famous New England hostleries of the last century.

In *Longman*, under the heading "A Land of Death," Dr. Arthur Stradling gives us his experiences of Nicaragua, not altogether unlike those of Martin Chuzzlewit and Mark Tapley in Eden.—Mr. James Sully supplies some scanty information about "George Sand's Childhood," and we may recommend Mr. R. Shindler's "Miss Short's Stratagem" as an amusing short story, and as having a more or less original idea for its basis.

Travellers to Sardinia are few. Consequently, though the Mediterranean island is not as far off as Japan, "Among the Sardes" in *Cornhill* gives us more the sensation of being taken into the unknown than if it told of the subjects of the Mikado. This voyage-sketch is, moreover, rendered with spirit and vivacity.—A vivid glimpse of the ferocities of Turkish-Armenian existence is afforded in "The Taking of Osman Oglou."

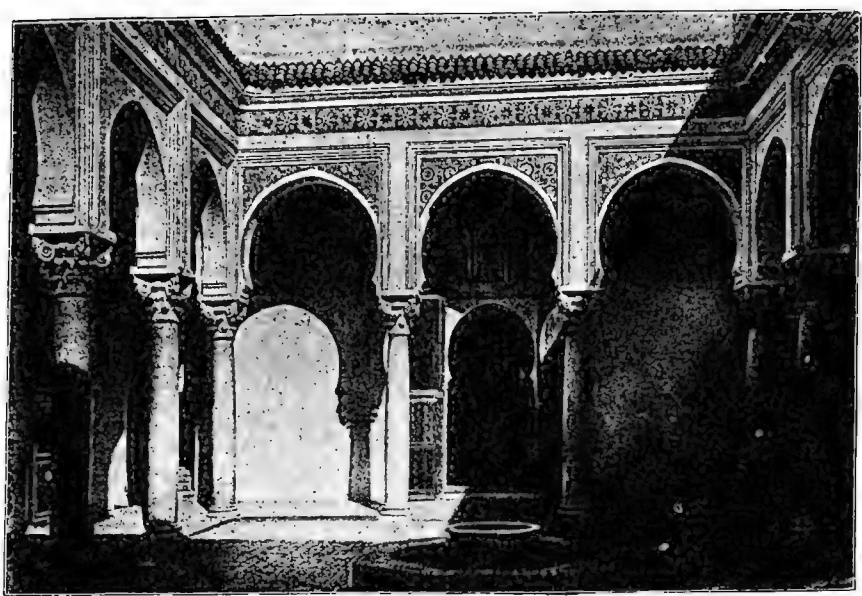
We have no idea who "Yussuf" may be who contributes "A Ballad of East and West" to *Macmillan*, but he is a poet who can write songs of a wild border. The son of the Guides' Colonel pursues Kamal, the horse-lifter, who has gone off with his father's mare, and falls into his power, but defies Kamal heartily. Then

Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet,  
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and grey wolf meet.  
May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt me in deed or breath.  
What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"  
Lightly answered the Colonel's son:—"I hold by the blood of my clan;  
Take up the mare for my father's gift—she will carry no better man."

Friendship is sworn between the two, and Kamal gives his boy as "brother in blood" to the Colonel's son. The whole scene is finely given, and the ballad is altogether a grand one.—Canon Ainger's "The Teaching of English Literature" is eminently useful and instructive; and very funny is "The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney," by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

*Blackwood* opens with a statesmanlike account of the European situation, "Current Influences on Foreign Politics," by "Kurios." The writer differs entirely from Sir Charles Dilke with reference to Austria's military strength. He places a high value on the Austrian cavalry, and maintains that, in the great range of the Carpathians, Austria has a most formidable military bulwark.—Mr. John Skelton, C.B., LL.D., indites a reply to certain critics anent "The Casket Letters and Mary Stuart."

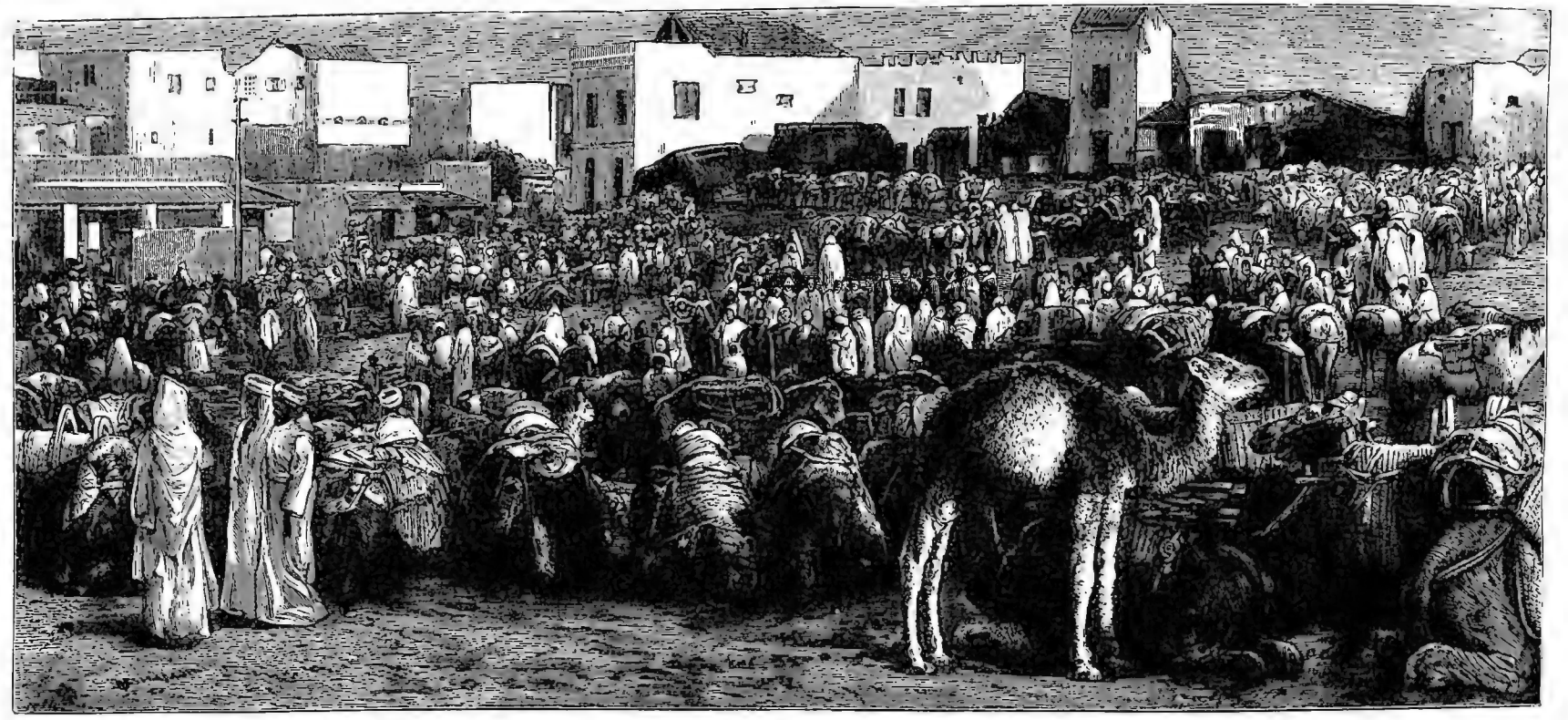




THE SULTAN'S PALACE



WANDERING MINSTRELS



THE UPPER SOKO, OR MARKET PLACE



TANGIER FROM THE KESBA

VIEWS IN TANGIER, MOROCCO



## MOUSSA BEY

SOME months ago, very serious charges—which were solemnly formulated in the *Daily News* by Mr Gladstone—were made against a powerful Kurdish chieftain named Moussa Bey. It is said that in March last, accompanied by a band of a hundred men, he entered the house of one Agatchian, near Moosh, shot his father, pillaged the house, and carried off the wife and daughter of the dead man. The wife died from fatigue in the snow; the girl, who was only fifteen, was forcibly compelled to become the mistress of Moussa's brother, Djaso. Subsequently, when the affair had been noised abroad, and certain gendarmes came to take the girl away from Djaso, she refused to go, saying, "I am Mussulman; leave me in peace." Ultimately the girl was given up to the Armenian Council, and Moussa was summoned to Constantinople to answer this and other charges of like nature which were brought against him. He was put on his trial on November 23rd before the Criminal Court, on two counts of the original indictment, which contained ten charges. The Public Prosecutor, Halid Bey, conducted the examination of the witnesses, of whom two only were heard at the sitting of the Court. Halid Bey's method of examination brought many a smile to the handsome countenance of the accused, and provoked manifestations of disapprobation from the audience. The demeanour of Moussa was haughty and defiant; he evidently felt that the Court was with him. Considering the amount of protection which he enjoys in high places, and the anxiety of the Sultan not to shock Islamic prejudices, it is somewhat remarkable that he has appeared at the bar of a Criminal Court. That he has so appeared is due to the unostentatious but no less determined pressure exercised by Sir William White. It was thought probable in Constantinople that, in spite of the support of his influential friends, the Kurdish chieftain would be convicted, but that his punishment would be of a lenient character. Not so, however. Despite Mr. Gladstone, despite the *Daily News*, despite some exceedingly damaging evidence, Moussa was on the 1st inst. absolutely acquitted.—Our engraving is from a photograph by Abdullah Brothers, Constantinople, kindly sent to us by Mr. Edgar Whittaker, of the *Levant Herald*.



MOUSSA BEY  
Recently tried at Constantinople for Murder and acquitted

## THE CONDITION OF ARMENIA

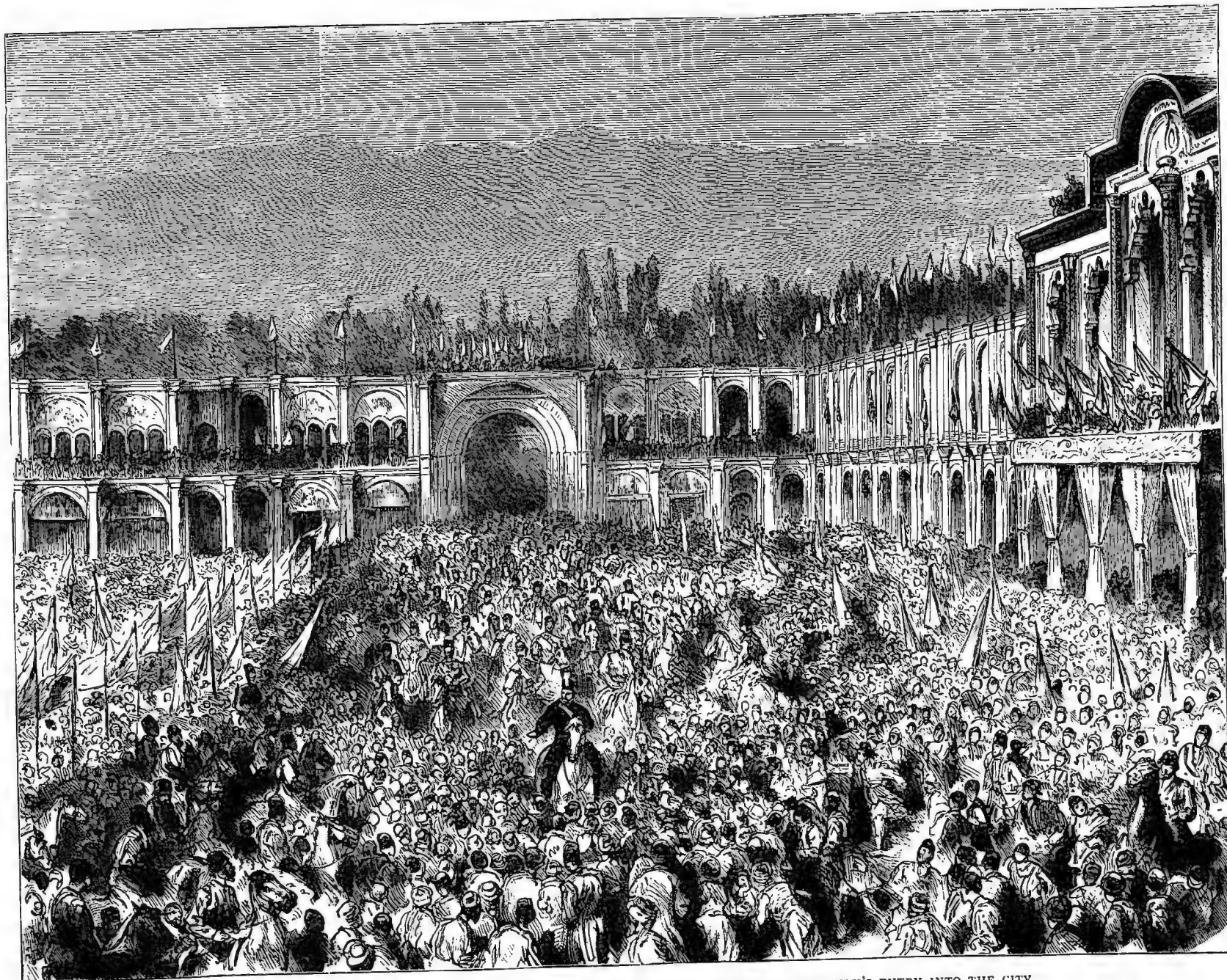
## VIEWS IN TANGIER

TANGIER, which is the most Europeanised town in the dominions of the Sultan of Morocco, and, like Algiers, a favourite winter resort for persons whose chests are delicate, is, or ought to be, especially interesting to Englishmen. When Charles II. married Catherine of Braganza, it formed part of her dowry, and became an English possession. We held it for twenty-two years, during which time we improved the harbour, and built a substantial mole, but the nation grew weary of the expenditure of life and money caused by the perpetual attacks of the Moors on the garrison, and when in addition it was rumoured that the said garrison formed the nucleus of an intended Popish Army, the works were destroyed, and the place abandoned to the Moors, who have held it ever since.

Viewed from the adjacent height of the Kesba, or citadel, Tangier, with its mosques, flat-roofed houses, batteries, and castellated walls, presents a formidable appearance, but a few broadsides of modern artillery would soon reduce it to ruins. On the north and west the town is sheltered from cold winds by the hill under which it lies, while the range of the Lower Atlas (visible from the Kesba) protects it from the scorching hot blasts of the desert. The view is very fine. The white glistening houses, the green foliage of the graceful palm-trees, and the intense blue of the adjacent sea, combine to make an effective picture.

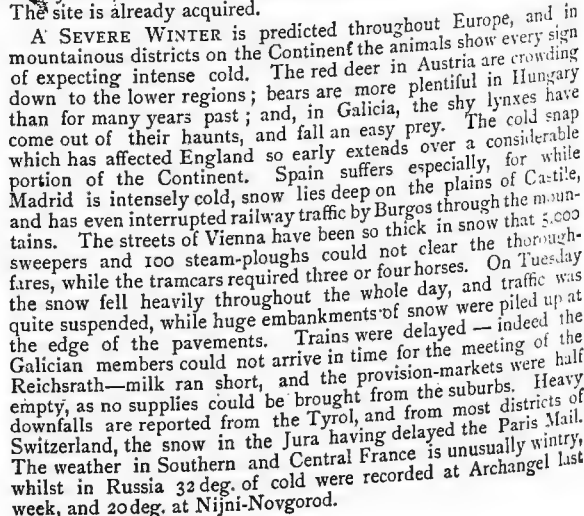
The Soko, or market-place, presents an animated appearance on Sundays and Thursdays, which are the market days. The town is then filled with a motley crowd of country people, among whom may be seen specimens of the wild Riff tribes. There are throngs of camels, horses, and asses, and all kinds of farm and garden produce are sold. In the evening the Soko is the resort of story tellers and jugglers.

The Sultan's Palace is a fair specimen of Moorish architecture, but is not otherwise remarkable. The "Wandering Minstrels" here depicted are to be seen in the Soko, or in the Moorish coffee-houses, where on the matted floor men squat about smoking cigarettes and drinking black coffee.—Our engravings are from photographs by Valentine and Sons, 152 and 154, Perth Road, Dundee.



CROWD ON THE MAIDAN TOP KHANÉ (PLACE OF ARTILLERY) AT THE MOMENT OF THE SHAH'S ENTRY INTO THE CITY  
THE ARRIVAL OF THE SHAH IN TEHERAN, PERSIA, AFTER HIS TOUR THROUGH EUROPE







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Class 672. 3385 gs. Class 673. 3390 gs. Class 674. 3395 gs.  
Class 675. 3400 gs. Class 676. 3405 gs. Class 677. 3410 gs.  
Class 678. 3415 gs. Class 679. 3420 gs. Class 680. 3425 gs.  
Class 681. 3430 gs. Class 682. 3435 gs. Class 683. 3440 gs.  
Class 684. 3445 gs. Class 685. 3450 gs. Class 686. 3455 gs.  
Class 687. 3460 gs. Class 688. 3465 gs. Class 689. 3470 gs.  
Class 690. 3475 gs. Class 691. 3480 gs. Class 692. 3485 gs.  
Class 693. 3490 gs. Class 694. 3495 gs. Class 695. 3500 gs.  
Class 696. 3505 gs. Class 697. 3510 gs. Class 698. 3515 gs.  
Class 699. 3520 gs. Class 700. 3525 gs. Class 701. 3530 gs.  
Class 702. 3535 gs. Class 703. 3540 gs. Class 704. 3545 gs.  
Class 705. 3550 gs. Class 706. 3555 gs. Class 707. 3560 gs.  
Class 708. 3565 gs. Class 709. 3570 gs. Class 710. 3575 gs.  
Class 711. 3580 gs. Class 712. 3585 gs. Class 713. 3590 gs.  
Class 714. 3595 gs. Class 715. 3600 gs. Class 716. 3605 gs.  
Class 717. 3610 gs. Class 718. 3615 gs. Class 719. 3620 gs.  
Class 720. 3625 gs. Class 721. 3630 gs. Class 722. 3635 gs.  
Class 723. 3640 gs. Class 724. 3645 gs. Class 725. 3650 gs.  
Class 726. 3655 gs. Class 727. 3660 gs. Class 728. 3665 gs.  
Class 729. 3670 gs. Class 730. 3675 gs. Class 731. 3680 gs.  
Class 732. 3685 gs. Class 733. 3690 gs. Class 734. 3695 gs.  
Class 735. 3700 gs. Class 736. 3705 gs. Class 737. 3710 gs.  
Class 738. 3715 gs. Class 739. 3720 gs. Class 740. 3725 gs.  
Class 741. 3730 gs. Class 742. 3735 gs. Class 743. 3740 gs.  
Class 744. 3745 gs. Class 745. 3750 gs. Class 746. 3755 gs.  
Class 747. 3760 gs. Class 748. 3765 gs. Class 749. 3770 gs.  
Class 750. 3775 gs. Class 751. 3780 gs. Class 752. 3785 gs.  
Class 753. 3790 gs. Class 754. 3795 gs. Class 755. 3800 gs.  
Class 756. 3805 gs. Class 757. 3810 gs. Class 758. 3815 gs.  
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Class 765. 3850 gs. Class 766. 3855 gs. Class 767. 3860 gs.  
Class 768. 3865 gs. Class 769. 3870 gs. Class 770. 3875 gs.  
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Class 780. 3925 gs. Class 781. 3930 gs. Class 782. 3935 gs.  
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Class 786. 3955 gs. Class 787. 3960 gs. Class 788. 3965 gs.  
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Class 792. 3985 gs. Class 793. 3990 gs. Class 794. 3995 gs.  
Class 795. 4000 gs. Class 796. 4005 gs. Class 797. 4010 gs.  
Class 798. 4015 gs. Class 799. 4020 gs. Class 800. 4025 gs.  
Class 801. 4030 gs. Class 802. 4035 gs. Class 803. 4040 gs.  
Class 804. 4045 gs. Class 805. 4050 gs. Class 806. 4055 gs.  
Class 807. 4060 gs. Class 808. 4065 gs. Class 809. 4070 gs.  
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Class 813. 4090 gs. Class 814. 4095 gs. Class 815. 4100 gs.  
Class 816. 4105 gs. Class 817. 4110 gs. Class 818. 4115 gs.  
Class 819. 4120 gs. Class 820. 4125 gs. Class 821. 4130 gs.  
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Class 846. 4255 gs. Class 847. 4260 gs. Class 848. 4265 gs.  
Class 849. 4270 gs. Class 850. 4275 gs. Class 851. 4280 gs.  
Class 852. 4285 gs. Class 853. 4290 gs. Class 854. 4295 gs.  
Class 855. 4300 gs. Class 856. 4305 gs. Class 857. 4310 gs.  
Class 858. 4315 gs. Class 859. 4320 gs. Class 860. 4325 gs.  
Class 861. 4330 gs. Class 862. 4335 gs. Class 863. 4340 gs.  
Class



## A DAY OF MY LIFE ON A SHEEP-STATION

BY A "NEW CHUM"

"Hi! Tumble up! It's four o'clock, and your turn to run up the horses."

A spasmodic hammering upon the thin wooden partition that separates me from the station storekeeper—and again all is still. My "rude awakener" has himself sunk back into slumber. I strike a match and look at my watch. It is *not* four o'clock—it is barely three-thirty. I have a good mind to shout through to that fellow next door what I think of him and his principles, and startle him. But I think better of that. It is my turn to run up the horses; they are to be in the yard at half-past four, ready for the start at five sharp. Since I am a bit slow, as new chums will be (I am not three months "out from home," nor have I been as many weeks on the station), perhaps, after all it's better to get up now—though that's no excuse for Brown's lie. Brown, the storekeeper, is my fellow novice; we are companions in probation; we are both of us learning the business of the bush, and buying our "colonial experience." But Brown has the immense advantage (in the bush) of being an Australian by birth, while I am a poor ignorant Englishman.

I slip into my moleskin trousers and Crimean shirt by candle-light; for though the month, January, corresponds with your English July, the midsummer day out here breaks much later, as well as more suddenly. It is not until I have saddled and bridled the night-horse, and the slip-rails are down in the yard, and I am

riding out, that I shiver at the first cool touch of morning. Yet, before I reach the horse-paddock gate, not a quarter of a mile distant, the bright Southern stars have gone out, and the warm purple night has changed to chill grey dawn.

The horse-paddock is always among the smallest on the "run"—though our smallest paddocks would be vast enough in the old country. This one is two miles by one and a half. Some dozen horses were turned adrift here last night. I have to find them, one and all—"muster" them—and run them up in one mob into the horse-yard. Ha! there are three, to begin with, standing grey and motionless against yonder dark line of scrub; and here, close to the fence, is Barmaid, our manager's trim roan mare. With time and patience, and a most vigilant use of the good eyesight with which I am fortunately endowed, I discover the rest in other corners of the paddock. Then I band my forces, and, with the beat of many hoofs thundering out from the midst of a flying cloud of yellow sand, I manage to yard my mob without mischance—as it nearly happens. For a few minutes ago, if the truth will out, I nearly did have an accident, and one of an ignominious kind. I brought out my stock-whip, meaning to wield it for practice in the privacy of this early hour; but only succeeded in winding the long lash round my horse's neck at the very first flourish, occasioning a series of "pig-jumps" whereby I was very nearly unseated.

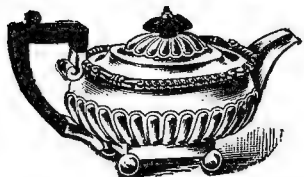
It is precisely four-thirty as I step into the verandah, where Brown is buckling his leggings; "the boss" joins us, and congratulates me drily upon my punctuality; and, on the whole, I feel rather grateful to Brown for his taradiddle of an hour ago.

We don't waste much time over breakfast. The meal was laid ready over-night—even to the tea, which has been drawing under its cosy these six hours, and makes up in potency what it has lost in heat. Time, you see, is precious this morning. We have a tremendous day before us. We are first to muster all the sheep that are in the largest paddock we have, where the water has suddenly run too low for safety; and then I and another are to drive the entire mob to an out-station thirty miles away. The mustering will take five of us the whole morning, and the droving will occupy two days.

Breakfast over, we go out and find two of the regular pound-a-week hands saddling their horses in the yard. One of them—a tall, strong young fellow, with an Irish name but an unmistakable Australian accent—proceeds to strap in front of his saddle a long, neat cylinder of blue blanket. He is to be my companion *en route* with the sheep to the out-station. I get a blanket from my room and follow his example, for we are to camp together to-night in the open; but I fear that my blue cylinder—my "swag," to use the bush term—has less "style" about it than his, and betrays the "prentice hand." We all carry canvas water-bags, well filled, and small packages of eatables; while Pat has slung to his saddle a "billy" in which to brew the tea at our bivouac.

The five of us ride forth abreast, as far as the gate of the huge paddock where our work is waiting for us; and here we separate. The paddock comprises some forty square miles. Each man is to pursue his allotted line across country, muster all the sheep that come within range of his vision, drive them straight down to the

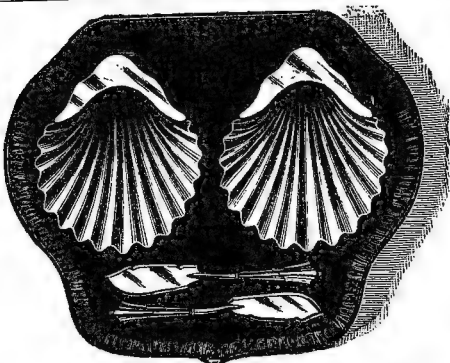
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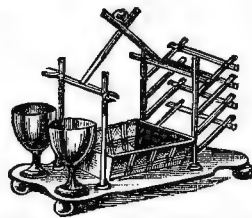
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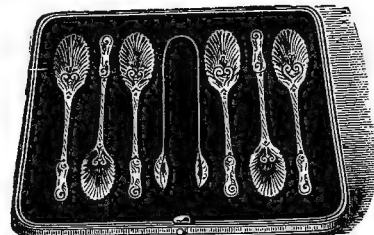
Mappin and Webb's new Registered Design Electro Silver Grape Stand and Dish, £2 10s.



Escallop Butter Shell and Knife, With Glass Lining, Sterling Silver, £2 2s. Electro Silver, 12s. 6d.



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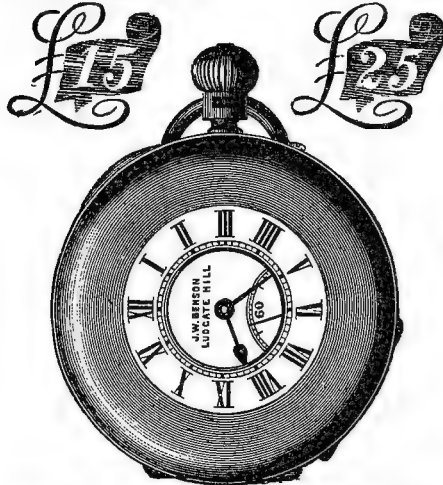


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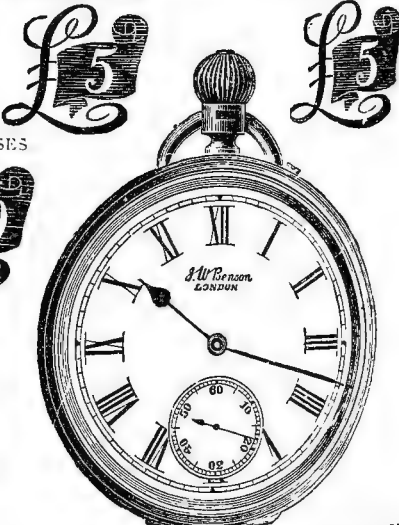
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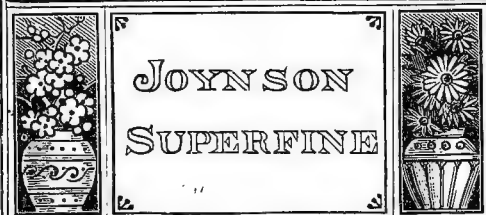


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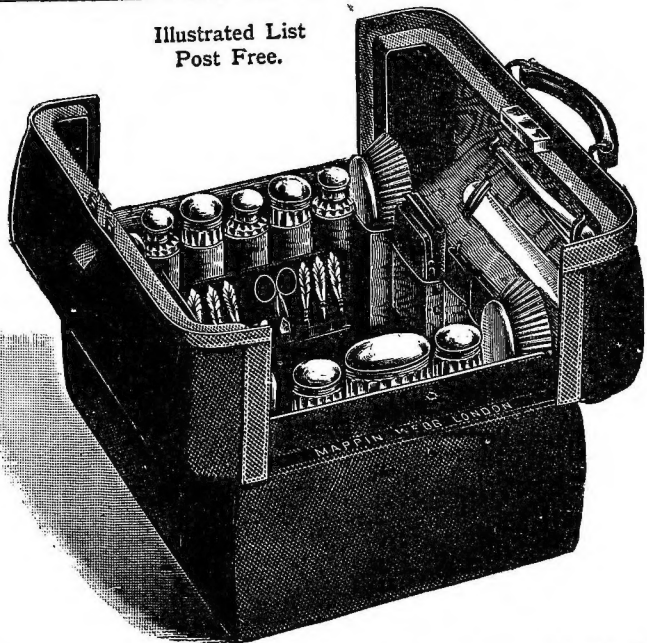
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tank by the south fence—where they are to have a last long drink—and so on to the gate in the south-west corner. There we are all to re-assemble, and from that point Pat and I are to set out with the mustered mob. At any rate, by then we shall be eight miles nearer the out-station than we are now, the paddock we are entering being not far short of that length—that will leave twenty-two miles to traverse with the sheep—and not a drop of water for the first sixteen!

The line that I am to take is sufficiently direct and simple—even for me. I am merely to keep the eastern fence in sight on my left hand, follow it down to the corner, and bear along the south fence as far as the tank. At the tank I shall, in all likelihood, fall in with either Pat or the "boss," who are both taking a central course across the paddock.

"There'll be no scrub to bother you when you once get the fence in sight," the "boss" tells me. "You'll cross the very best bit of the paddock, where the salt-bush is still green; and the odds are you'll come across more sheep than any of us."

Cut adrift from the rest, I make for my fence with that exaggerated feeling of personal responsibility which is the new chum's severest incubus. The sun rises over the dark green scrub on the left. It is a dull red disc this morning, which one can bear to look upon—not the usual blinding pool of flashing gold. There is a slight haze in the air. The early morning is oppressive. What will the day be later on? I remember, with foreboding, that yesterday the thermometer in our verandah stood at 116 deg. in the shade; and yesterday there was wind; and to-day, it seems, there is to be none.

Three hours have passed. In front of me is a nice, orderly mob, not less than three hundred strong, moving briskly towards the tank over yonder, in the yellow distance. I have nothing to be ashamed of; I could swear to it that I have not overlooked a solitary sheep on the way—in fact, I imagine that I have done my part of the mustering rather well.

These "tanks" are nothing more than great rectangular excavations with sloping sides. They are, of course, wholly dependent upon the rainfall; and, as luck has it, I am entering upon my station experience in a season of the direst drought, when tank after tank is running dry. The immediate danger, in this instance, is the bogging of sheep in the mud from which the water has receded.

Pat is at the tank before me. His sheep are drinking as though their lives depended upon it—as indeed they do; and mine join them. "We'll fill up our water-bags, too," says Pat. "We'll need all we can carry. When we've finished this lot, not another drop can we get till near midnight! And my dog Skipper'll want it more than us two. He's got to do more'n half the work; and a dog knocks up quicker than anything."

Our horses, of course, take a long, deep pull, and then we push on together with our allied flock. "The rest have been to the water," says Pat. "We'll find 'em at the gate. But the boss and his mob can't be so very far ahead."

Nor is he. For presently we espy the boss coming towards us—but not with sheep, and not on horseback. He is leading his roan mare, Barmaid, and another man is in the saddle—a man whose appearance startles us when we draw nearer. His clothes are covered with dirt and dust, his eyes are wild and bright; his white, ravenous face is daubed with crusted blood.

"Here, with your water-bag, you fellows—quick!" the manager shouts to us; and I canter to them with mine. The man in the saddle sways with excitement; his eyes dilate and glitter with the eagerness of a wild animal; he raises the mouthpiece to his lips, tilts the bag with trembling hands, and drinks—drinks as though he would never stop. I guess instinctively what has happened, even before the boss comes to my side and tells me.

"Bushed!" he whispers. "A rabbit from the next station—been lost two days. I found him by the merest chance. My own wa'er-bag leaks, and there was only a drop in it when I found him; which was lucky, or he would have done himself harm—he can drink as much as he likes now. You see that blood round his lips? It's the blood of his dog! It has kept him alive!"

We take the poor fellow to the gate, and there set him on his legs, and on the track to the home-station. He is now able to mutter thanks; but at first he was unable to articulate a syllable! It is not a very inspiring incident for us who are about to cross the most barren patch of country in the whole district!

The sheep are counted at the gate; eleven hundred and odd, in all; and Pat and I and Skipper set the great flock in motion.

It is past twelve o'clock. The sun is strong enough now, and there is still no wind. The heat is intense. And we have entered the very worst ten-mile block ever surveyed and fenced! The block has long been abandoned by man and beast; for the simple reason that it has not a drop of water, nor two acres together clear of scrub, within its four fences. Its hundred square miles are entirely overgrown with low-sized scrub, and that of the very worst kind—th'ck-growing mallee, interspersed with an abominable spiky bush known as "porcupine." There are, it is true, belts of pine; but where there are pines you must bargain for a sandhill or two; and nothing can be worse than sandhills, when you are driving sheep in the fierce heat of an Australian summer's day.

Our mob has soon spread itself out through the scrub, and extends over hundreds of yards. Under every tree a dozen tired wretches are "camping"; and not an inch will they budge until they are forced on by one. I am at the tail end of the mob, shouting myself hoarse; Pat is at the head, and, though I cannot see him, I hear him bellowing at the sheep without intermission; and, as for Skipper, he is up and down first one flank, then the other. Do what we will, 't is impossible to keep the whole mob moving at once. I, for instance, have no sooner disturbed one parcel of panting loafers, than the last lot shifted—shifted not a minute ago, mark you—have settled comfortably under a fresh tree. Two sheep, already, have dropped down to die. Good old Skipper has already exhibited premonitory symptoms of distress, and we have given him his first drink. At the end of an hour Pat thinks that we have not travelled more than a mile, and I agree with him.

"We'd better camp 'em for a spell," says Pat, and I agree to that, too, very readily.

We are in a long, shallow, sandy gully, timbered with pine-trees. Here we round up our mob, and dismount, and eat and smoke; and presently we stretch ourselves out, and sleep for an hour in the shade of the sheltering pines, while the sheep lie scattered down the gully.

Before three we are in the saddle again, and alas! have swallowed our last dram of water; besides Skipper, it must be remembered that the lost man drank deep of our store this morning. On again. The scrub becomes denser, the sheep more difficult to move; our throats are lined by the penetrating cloud of sand and dust in which we ride; our lips are parched and painful, our voices are harsh as the cries of famished ravens; we are enduring agonies of thirst; the sun is flaying the skin from my bare arms—Pat's are copper-coloured and well seasoned.

"Five miles more," at last he tells me, and I groan aloud. We are but half-way across this square block of wilderness.

"Chew sticks," Pat goes on, seeing my evil case and proffering his advice; "chew leaves, chew twigs, chew anything! Anything's better than nothing. And, look here, mister! when the sun goes down we'll 'travel'—for the first time!"

He proves to be right on both points. I chew bits of leaves and twigs assiduously for the rest of the afternoon, and not without a degree of relief. The sun goes down. Man, horse, dog, and sheep—all alike—we pluck up fresh courage, and on we go, winding up through the interminable scrub, climbing the sandy ridges, only to plunge afresh into the dark-green sea of mallee, lying without a breath of wind to stir its leafy crests—sombre, silent, desolate.

"There are brush yards at the fence," says Pat, when next we come together.

I knew there were, but it is cheerful to be reminded of the fact. Perhaps Pat means it to be so.

"There's no water there, though," he goes on to admit; "we'll have to ride three mile for our drink, and three mile back."

"How about the sheep?" I mechanically ask; for my thoughts, I fear, are all of myself and those six miles at the end of this hard day.

"The sheep? Let 'em rip till to-morrow! Sheep can—men, mokes, and dogs can't! But cheer up, mister; to-morrow 'll be an easy day. Lots o' water to-morrow; we'll sleep in a hut to-morrow night. I say! Them yards 'll leave in sight in another minute!"

In sight! How we came through this wilderness in broad daylight is a mystery to me, but now we have only the stars to see by. One thing I know—I have had nothing to do with it. Pat has been pilot. Pat has been everything. Pat has proved himself a good fellow; and I have been—a new chum, perhaps; yet giving good work for my "rations," I dare aver!

Skipper, who has been in a bad way for some hours, pulls himself together for the yarding-up, when at last the welcome moment comes. When the last sheep is secure for the night, and the gate shut, we turn our undivided anxieties to our parched and burning throats, with the result that we are swiftly in our saddles again. The three miles' canter to the well Pat wots of is a relief after the long day's monotonous stock-riding. We reach the well; we leap from our horses; we let down the bucket that is there; and then—and then—words fail me!

The two men, the two horses, and the dog—we drink in turn from the bucket, and drink again, until we are satisfied. What can have been the sensation of that poor fellow this morning if his first long drink was much sweeter than these sweet draughts of ours? At last our thirst is slaked—even down to Skipper's—and we ride back to the yards with full water-bags and big appetites. How good is the damper and mutton! how refreshing each new draught of pure, cold water! For—alas for the romance of the typical bivouac! neither of us has the energy to make a fire—by mutual consent we have foregone tea; we hanker only for our saddles—as pillows for our weary heads. And at last we do take off our boots, and delve cunning hollows for our hips, and roll ourselves in our blue blankets, and lie down to rest under the pale-blue stars, with a final half-pipe of peace in our mouths. It is high time; it is twelve o'clock, and, allowing liberally for the spell in the pine-tree gully, we have been seventeen hours in the saddle to-day! My own pipe soon slips from between my teeth. The last sound I hear is Pat's nasal drawl, punctuated by the puff contemplative:—

"Never you mind! It won't be a day like this to-morrow, mister. To-morrow—lots o' water. To-morrow—tea, hot from the billy. To-morrow—square meals. To-morrow night a roof over our heads; but to-morrow morning—up at four!"

He is a good fellow, Pat, though he will take the gilt off the gingerbread. All day he has been doing his level best to be encouraging. I suspect him of entertaining a kind of rugged pity for the new chum.

E. W. H.

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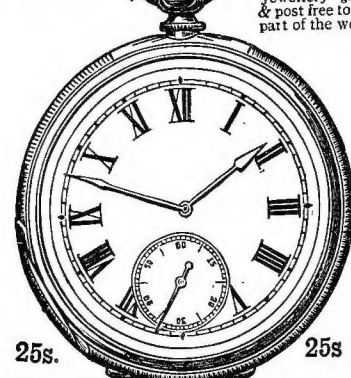
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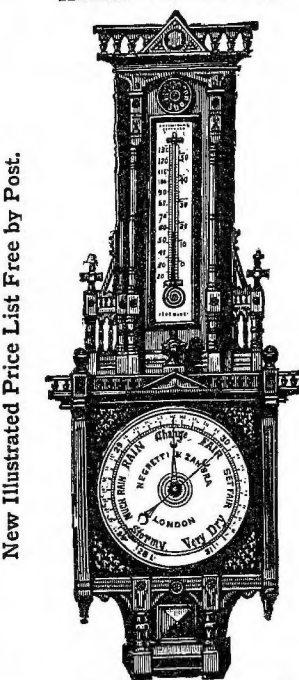


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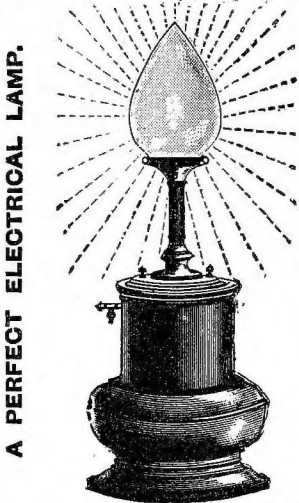


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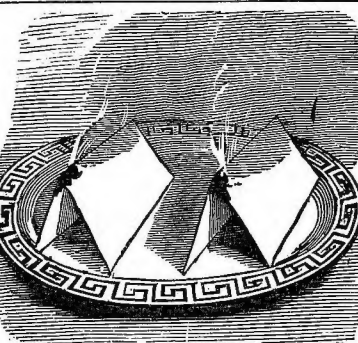
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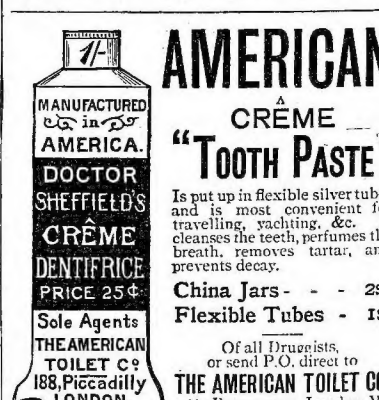


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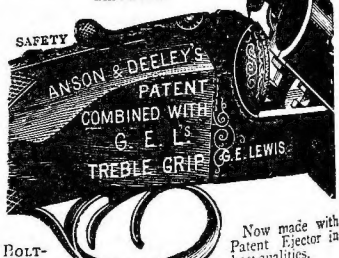
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